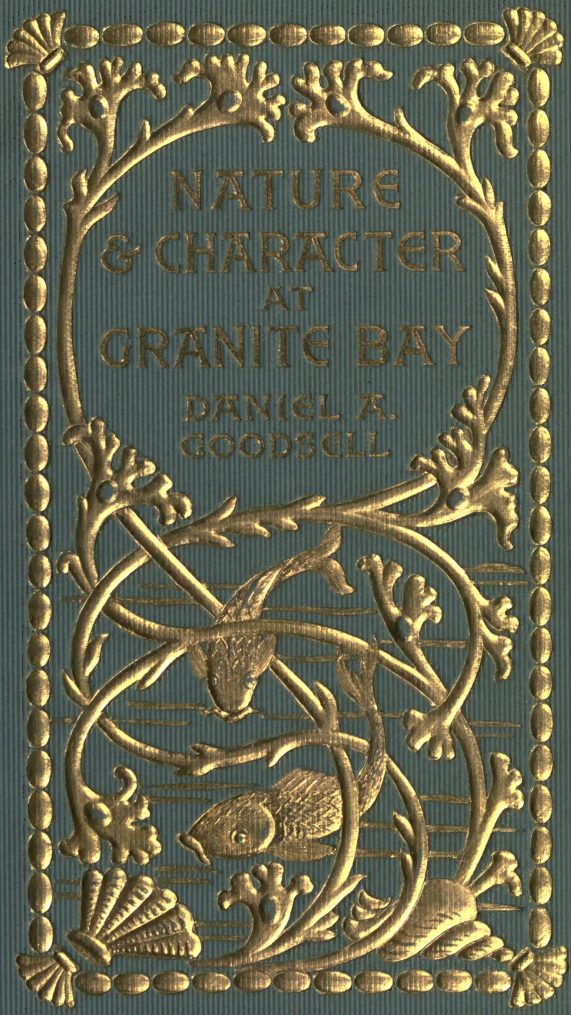
NATURE
& CHARACTER
AT
GRANITE BAY
DANIEL A.
GOODSELL

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A Gale from the South.

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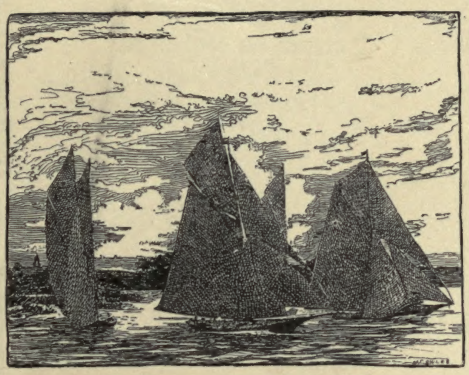
BY DANIEL · A · GOODSELL.



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DEDICATION

To my Wife and Children

who know the facts I herein set down, and knew
the characters herein described, and who
have learned with me to love
Granite Bay better than any
other spot on earth.

Preface

THIS book has been written a thousand miles from the scenes it describes. It has been justified to the writer, by the pleasure of living over again the summer life under winter skies, and by that sense of "outing" which one enjoys when engaged on matters remotely connected with one's burdens and vocation.

Because remotely connected I have hesitated to print it. But having found some of the sketches of character received with interest when read to several large gatherings, I hope that others will find them not uninteresting in print.

The book has not, however, been written as an amusement chiefly. I have

hoped that it might find warrant by some measure of success in meeting these aims, namely:

To show that a half acre near a large city may become of absorbing interest and intellectual profit to any one who has ordinary powers of observation, small scientific knowledge, and limited time.

To demonstrate to my younger brethren in the Christian ministry that it is well to study and affiliate with the plainest people among whom we live; these, and not the favored, possessing chiefly the characteristics which reward study, namely, originality, unique experience, true and self-sacrificing sympathy, and the joys of growth and conquest.

In nothing has imagination added to the characters or scenes herein sketched, nor is the sequence of events anywhere changed to heighten interest. The studies of character are true sketches of men and women I know, or have known, for some are dead.

The chapter on "Mental Contents of an Egg" and a very few of the observations on animal life appeared some years ago in *The Christian Advocate* of New York. The remainder here appear for the first time.

No originality is claimed for the studies in natural history herein set down. They only confirm the observations of men of greater knowledge, wider experience, and ampler opportunity. It may be, however, that such facts have not before been gathered from so small an area; of this, however, I can have no assurance.

Such as they are, they have greatly added to my conviction of the unity of the kingdom of God, and of the mystery of life and energy.

D. A. Goodsell.

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"To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, refinement rather than fashion; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages with open heart, to study hard, think quietly, act frankly, speak gently; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unseen, grow up through the common — this is to be my symphony!"

—W. H. Channing

NATURE AT GRANITE BAY

(2)

I

THE DRAWING OF GRANITE BAY

ESS than a hundred miles from New York Granite Bay opens into the greatest width of Long Island Sound. Near a large city, knowing it scantily, it has been, until just now, accessible only by a long aisle of forest and hilly road. The trolley car has found it at last, but fortunately only touches it and is gone.

The bay is less than a mile wide, and still less from its beach to the open waters of Long Island Sound southward. On fairest days the gravel cliffs of Long Island are seen, and are not unlike, in occasional glimpses, the cliffs of Dover from Calais. Eastward and southeastward the clearest air raises no shore. The woods creep to the edge of the cliffs. Stunted pines and hemlocks hang

over the sea. As elsewhere in New England the east wind and its ally frost have carved the eastern faces of all rocks into steepness and perpendicularity. Ages of attrition have cut out the softer spots, indenting the shore with charming coves, walled inland with lichen-covered rocks and with beaches of pinkish sand. The juniper and whortleberry nestle in the fissures. The bay is flanked by islands—some true islands, yet others have finished their course as islands. The little channels landward, silted in, are now either salt meadows or woods, rich in oaks, pines, and cedars, with occasional hemlocks, birches, and ironwood. The persimmon can be found here by the side of the tulip and the dogwood. Their tops are tented with grapevines and Virginia creeper. Nor is the poison ivy—that unamiable cousin of the woodbine—wanting. Underneath are patches of the partridge berry, belted with gray moss, through which protrude, in season, hepaticas, anemones, saxifrage, and Solomon's Seal, followed, as the spring passes into early summer, by a wealth of columbine.

In soggy places Jack is found in his Pulpit, and the Dutchman's Breeches swing in the wind. Here also a score of ferns lift their crosiers and unroll into the delicate maidenhair and silver leaf, or the stalwart brake. Here also the summer children trip over the dewberry vines, or are caught by the thorns of the raspberry, the blackberry, or the barberry. Every sunbright spot is later on gilded with golden-rod or purpled by wild aster. The sweet and fragrant clover, loved of Indians for baskets, scents the air.

Autumn here splashes her most gorgeous colors. Tree tops glow with the blaze of the woodbine. The maples lend their greens, yellows, and reds. The sumach puts on its cardinal's hat. Later the oaks pass from vermilion to sienna and terra cotta. Islands and pinnacles of evergreen protrude from a ruddy sea, and the affluent color scheme is enriched by the olive greens of ancient cedars.

Behind these islands a river races southward between salt marshes and granite walls. Once it followed a dozen channels between the islands. Now it

reaches the sea a mile from its former mouths, after raging into foam over sunken bowlders and drongs of rock.

On both banks one may find underneath the rich grass the kitchen middens of the long-gone Indians. The sod is undergirded by deep beds of shells. Patience finds arrowheads, stone hatchets, and rarely a skull or thigh bone.

Here too are records of world building. The rocks and bowlders are granitic, with veins of trap and quartz. Behind the seaward islands a noble cliff rises, rich in ferns and various in tree, shrub, and flower.

Nature thus kindly screens the bay and its shores from the icy north winds, and grants luxurious and late growth. The great rock masses are warmed to the heart by the summer sun, and hold the winter back until late December; but equally, when chilled, delay the spring.

Surely the birds love this spot, coming early and staying late. The bluebird sings in February, the robin but a little after. One may find, if keen of quest, and within an acre's space, the nest of the purple grackle, the brown thrush, the

Great Masses of Rock.

robin, the catbird, humming bird, song sparrow, chipping sparrow, wren, flicker, woodpecker, mourning dove, waxwing, starling, phebe, and kingfisher. The cedar thickets are so dense and rich in berries that some brave robins linger in midwinter. When the last cottager has returned to city walls and city cares, Bunny, the brown rabbit, whisks under the verandas ; the partridge whirs by the kitchen door ; into the late autumn the minks steal the net-entangled fish. When ice is in the bay and the "abounding charity of the snow" on the land, the winter visitor has found the flying squirrel nesting in his bed and wriggling into life with the unexpected warmth.

Here also is the abundance of the sea. The passing of the Indians has not banished the oyster from the rocks, the soft clam from the river, the quohog from the bay. The king crab buries his eggs on the hot beach of June, and the blue crab in the warm mud of August. In May the lobster lurks in the fissures of the seaward rocks. In the frosty spring the fykes entrap the flounder and the frostfish, and, in the autumn, the blackfish, striped

bass, and hake. A mighty pound farther out begins its catch in April with shad, and the later months bring in sea bass, weakfish, and the toothsome but savage bluefish.

In early April the Granite Bay folk wake from winter's torpidity. The sugar snows are not melted before some cottager appears to see if storms have spared his home. Those who have wintered at the bay now hunger for work, except some who seem to be able to live without money and without work. The groceries begin to stock up. The butcher increases his trips from once a week to thrice. The fykes are mended, rehooped, and planted near the ledges. Lobster pots are piled by the beach and on the sea wall. The axes thud all day, piling up kindling wood for the coming cottager. Our genius inspects and paints the scores of boats, yachts, and launches in his care, and rests himself by laying a foundation or two, blasting rocks, repairing plumbing, and putting into the water a score of rowboats of this winter's building.

By May those to whom absence from

the bay means absence of full life begin to move in. The stage with its blind horses rolls lazily to Oldport, returning full of eager people and weighty trunks. The trolley cars multiply in number and in trips. The cycles fly through the long and budding forest. The Italian staggers in under a vast basket of bananas. The clam diggers, sunken to their armpits, spade up the river bars. The smoke of bonfires obscures the cleaning village The florists bring their fragrant loads. Servants come to put in order the houses, already prim with new paint.

But it is not until June, with its perfect days, that Granite Bay is wholly awake. Then one may see merchants of widest enterprise, manufacturers of world-known fame, artists, poets, clergymen, greeting each other by the sea wall. The school vacation crowds the shore with children and the bay with craft. On every rock a fisherman sits. A line of rowboats dances by the sea wall. The osprey dives for his dinner, only to be robbed by the bald eagle. A hundred times a day the king-fisher springs his rattle; as many times the kingbird drives off the crow. No

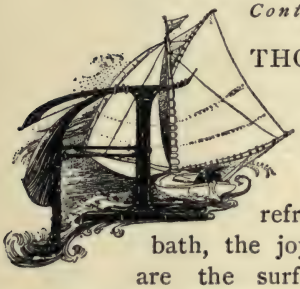
large steamer vexes these waters, no train thunders at our doors. Uncursed by the saloon, life moves on in neighborly kindness. Childish glee is unabashed by constable or policeman. The bell of the chapel calls to week-day prayer and to Sabbath worship. The electric light, gone for the winter, is flashed on before the summer solstice and punctuates the darkness of our wooded roads. The float and springboard are moored off the sea wall. Bathers scream, laugh, and dive.

The summer has come.

II

THE DRAWING OF GRANITE BAY

Continued



THOUSAND feel it to one who asks why. To most the attraction is in the cooling breezes, the refreshment of the sea bath, the joy of fishing. These are the surface delights which draw the multitude to our bay.

But those who have summered there for years feel more, very much more, than these. In point of fact, the pleasures mentioned are only a very small part of the attraction which makes such feel that those days are to be endured which are not spent at the bay.

Those most strongly drawn by the sea are seldom much in it or on it, but pine if not near it. Such spend many hours in one spot. They neither read nor write, but gaze and watch. If they must take up

book or pen, they must go in and shut the sea out. I have talked with many such dreamers and have, in some measure, understood their life. Such feel that there is something in the sea, as in some great personalities, which always escapes expression. Those who know best its literature, the poems inspired by it, the stories of life on it, the changes of history through great sea fights, feel more deeply than others the inadequacy of description.

Nevertheless all who love it must write of it. Like other great loves, it must be told. It is too mighty, too imperious, to be kept to oneself. Income being so great, it must find outgo.

So I write, hoping that others will read into my lines that which I feel but cannot phrase.

The sea gives an impression of vastness, and that at hand, within comprehension, and so without fatigue. From the first gray of the dawn until the hour when

> "The gaudy, blabbing but remorseful day
> Is crept into the bosom of the sea"

it grants what no other vastness gives. The star-sprinkled heavens, the reaches

of telescopic space, daze the senses and stun the mind. Fatigue follows short sight of them. The time element comes in to add to the burden of thinking. If one be of religious turn, space and duration suggest the infinite and the soul is benumbed and shrunken into littleness. The globes have swung for so many æons. The light has been so long coming. The suns drag into their blaze so many inchoate planets. The orbits cross and recross until only a master of numbers can extricate any one from the many. Thoughts of collision, changes of gravity, ice belts creeping to hot equator, and death congealing life are ever with him who thinks of stellar space. The moon shines peacefully only to those who do not know her as a burned-out cinder. An astronomer must have poise beyond most or go mad with the unrest of the spaces, times, motions, and questions.

The mountains are more restful. They have limits when highest and broadest. They are not older than our world. Only here and there are the world-building forces at work in them. They sit broadly and firmly for the most part. Their form

does not change in centuries. We find them where our fathers found them. Their streams issue from the same crevices. The clouds, the winds, tribes, peoples, nations, pass by them. They remain. Inappreciably, rain, frost, ice, wear them, but scores of years alone give a measure.

But, except at the summit, they limit thought as they bound vision. They wall in valleys, engendering a strenuous, narrow, lonely life. They separate neighbors and nation. Man conquers them by violence. Years, drill, dynamite, are needful weapons. To cross one must have terraced road, switchback, loop, and tunnel. There is ozone in their air and wine on their heights. There is panorama, but not detail.

They take us out of the world, suggesting nothing of home or human intercourse.

If lofty, they breed arctic life which climbs in summer only to creep down with longer nights. They know little of spring or autumn. Of themselves they are never soft and gentle. Mold and forest give all they have of these except that granted by the charity of mist. Un-

like the sea, they cannot follow the tint of the sky. They may be ruddy, but only when at evening some eastward cloud transmits the glory of sunset, or when

> "Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."

The blessing of the hills is stimulus. They have no charity for wrecks, but leave them frozen and unburied on their breasts.

A great city is amusing, teaching, astonishing in the complication of its life. It draws by the concentration and babel of resource. It depresses all but those whose comfort depends on little things and those whose good is evil. It is only feebly and wastefully reproductive. When a mother, it is a Moloch, destroying more than it creates. It condenses vices as well as powers. It smothers prophets and chokes devotion.

Here canyons of stone reduce the firmament to a strip. Its sea is a vexed, muddy, and sewer-soiled harbor. Its air is sooty, rich in microbes and stenches. Its poetry is never large. The city does not write epics, only verses of society.

It measures men by their accidents rather than quality. Its gentleman is one who behaves in a conventional way. It breeds people who think it more honorable to live on the accumulations and toil of others than their own. It sacrifices modesty to the decolleté and slays honest love in the interest of wealth and family; wedding idleness to sloth, the drone to the butterfly, and breeds degenerates. The impost of vice fills its treasury; its courts secrete and condone the sins of the successful and well-placed.

The thinker by the seaside rests while he ponders. Its salt quickens digestion and invigorates appetite. He sleeps long in the hush or music of the waves. The sun parlor of the beach browns his pallor. The moods of the sea prevent overdoing while commanding him to exercise in its gymnasium. The sea is affluent in suggestion to mind and heart. One watches the noiseless incoming of the tide and feels no tumult as one sees its outgo without despair. He who misses either to-day is sure of both to-morrow.

Though "the sea's a thief whose liquid surge resolves the moon into salt tears,"

it is also a mighty stimulus to hope. If one is moved to rod and line, it is no fished-out or forbidden presence, but free to all with the plenitude of ocean life. No matter how small your bay, or shallow, the tides creep to it, renew it, cool it, warm it, fructify it. Defeated to-day, you win to-morrow. Your chance is not the gamester's. Your luck not inevitable.

It is the mother of surprises. A pond or brook is a poor, limited pasture where species and numbers must be few. The sea has a breadth of abundance in numbers and in kinds. No man can tell on what abundance he may this day draw. While this varies according to the season, each so fringes the others that there is really no close time at all. Nor can one be certain of not meeting with waifs from arctic or torrid belts. Thus at our bay I have found the cod of the Arctic and the barracouta of the Caribbean, and the lumpsucker from I know not where. I fancy this last was brought adhering to the bottom of some ship. But this is not probable, as, unlike the remora, the lumpsucker does not fasten himself by

his head, but by a modification of the pectoral and ventral fins, not unlike the leather sucker known to all boys. More than once the fishermen have brought me the edible turtles of the southern seas caught in the pound or sleeping lazily on the surface.

III

THE DRAWING OF GRANITE BAY

Continued

WHILE the element of luck is not wanting to the fishermen in our bay, its more abundant and varied life and the change of habitat according to season give an uncertainty and interest the inland angler cannot know.

Yet I agree with Dr. Van Dyke that luck is, with many veteran fishermen, the chief attraction. It is long years since I have tried it myself, but I love to watch them from my window. Such know by the character of the bite and behavior after hooking what fish is on. But few, I fancy, can distinguish between the snap of a chequit or a bluefish, or between that of the blackfish and the eel. But behavior after hooking is very

unlike. A good eel seems twice as heavy and ten times as lively as a blackfish, which outweighs him. So our fishermen have a charming uncertainty as to results, but not as to quantity; that is, uncertainty as to what they will land on any particular day.

The gift of knowing where to fish seems to be equally shared by men of the shore and of the city. The true fisherman is as much born as the poet. Thus no one knows better where to go than our railroad president. The rocks and wrecks where blackfish abound, the tidal runs for chequit and bluefish, the mud and sand for flounders and eels, are all open vision to him. Perhaps there is something in the skill by which he resembles the professionals in hat, clothes, boots, and pipe which adds to his luck. Our visitors feel certain of luck when he invites them. Whether his natural gift has been increased by converse with some old master of our shores I know not; but I do know that he can teach the younger natives.

Nor is he overanxious to impart his secrets. While taking other city men on

occasion, he commonly goes alone, never without reward. For this last our table is often thankful.

Alas the changes of years! Once his success would have made me wild to learn where he goes. It might have tempted me in extreme youth to follow him, a maneuver which he well knows how to defeat.

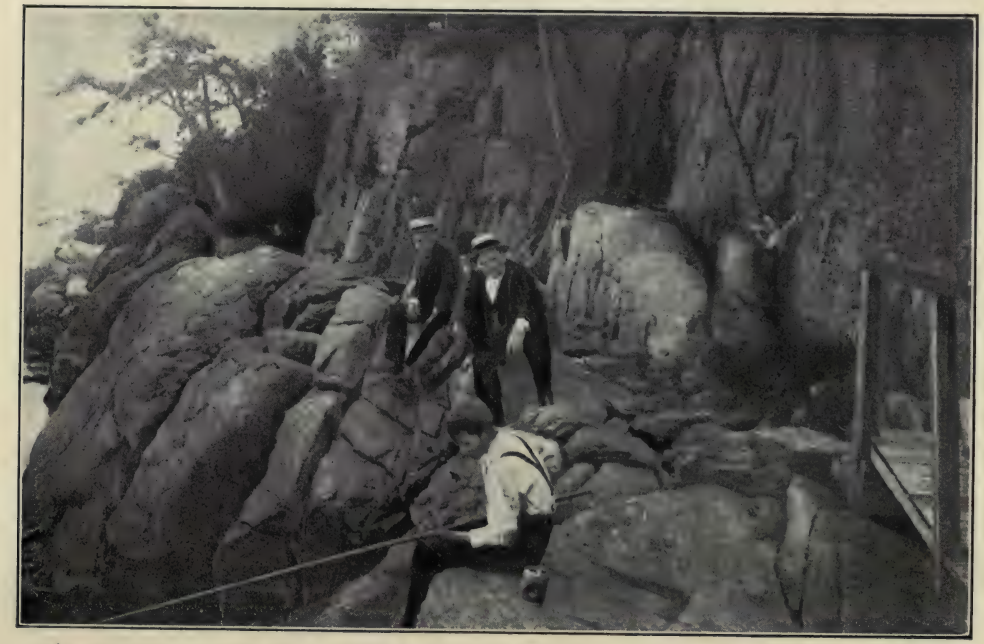
But years or something else have changed all that. The fishermen come and go, but I go not. Yet I have glad reminiscences of cod, pollock, and halibut on the Bull Ground, off Mount Desert; of bluefish off Edgartown and Montauk; of porgies in Peconic Bay; of trout in the Adirondacks and in Snake River, Idaho; of mackerel off Seguin; and of striped bass off Newport. On these I live, and if my neighbors at the Post Office, gathering at night, are too pronounced in triumph, I am human enough to humble them by these great memories. I know I never was a born fisherman, because the fever has forever cooled. I am no more guilty of the death of fish, though I admit pleasure in the success of those who share their abundance with

me. I still enjoy the ardor of the small boy, as the picture shows, and sometimes point out to these beginners where something may be done.

So, comfortable in my chair, I watch others when not wondering where that smack, now in sight off the Cow and Calf Rock, came from and whither she is bound. The smacks pass daily east and west; snug, strong, and swift, not always to be distinguished from a yacht except by the knowing. Commonly they carry no foretopsail, but raise a staysail in its place.

But never do they pass without thought of their peril on the Banks, where I have heard their bells as the liner rushed by in the fog. Nor can I keep out of my mind, even on fairest days, the widows and orphans at Gloucester; not even when the salt cod, dear to all New Englanders, comes creamed or in cakes to our table. Every smack which passes our bay is a survivor and conqueror of fog, gale, collision, iceberg.

So the sea must be writ down as a spur to the imagination. One cannot sit on



Fishing by Deputy.

our rock without thought of all the bays, sounds, estuaries, gulfs, seas, and oceans over which we have sailed, to which our bay is a threshold; sailing such as one has traversed over again; making port once more in Ireland, England, France, Spain, Italy, Japan, Korea, China, and in the Atlantic and Pacific harbors. Thankful am I that land is now under my feet and not the *Umbria*, in the roaring forties, nor the *Oceanic* in a typhoon off Formosa, nor the *Haitan* in the Gulf of Pechili. The home ports suggested by the flags crossing our bay evoke the steeples, minarets, docks, wharves, and anchorages which I have seen, ever in thankfulness for safety after weeks spent over the forces of destruction, compelled, in a modern steamer, to be the conditions of security.

On that rock the imagination watches the loading and unloading of cargoes. It hears the boatswain's whistle ; the creaking of the capstan; the puffing of the steam winch; the shrieking of the siren: the blare of the fog trumpet; the swish of water by the ship's side; the whistling of the rigging, and the roar of the gale.

It feels the first throb of the engine. It clambers down the iron ladders of the fire room and pays again its shilling for a sight of the stokehole. It squints and peers into the cold night with the officer on the bridge. It clings to the safety line, lurches into the forecastle and sleeps with the sailors. It stands by the quartermaster, and watches the glass with the captain. It hears the order to shorten sail; screws on the storm doors against the hurricane; starts into agony with the cry of "man overboard!" and stares at the rocket, the life buoy, and the boat. It cheers with a thousand others when the drowning man is rescued, or weeps over the quick and watery burial if he comes not back. It cringes again with the thunder of seas on the deck, and shivers once more in the icy winds swooping down from Fuji Yama. It bears me back to the soft airs I breathed at Girgenti and the marvelous shores of Ætna and Vesuvius. Once again I see the rocky windings of the coast of Maine, the tidal waves of the Bay of Fundy, the sand dunes of Cape Cod, the gravelly cliffs of Montauk, the light-ship

off Nantucket South Shoals, the sandy mouth of the Rio Grande, the dome of Rainier, the sawteeth of the Olympic Range, the glaciers of the Selkirks, and the forest islands of Puget Sound.

Thus glancing, leaping, but always home coming, my quickened thought travels the seas I have traversed. Our bay has its close connections with the greatest oceans. All this is mine and I stir not from my rock.

Just as the sea invades the land through the rivers so does its traffic reach the markets of the interior. Hourly seagoing tugs drag past our harbor long lines of coal barges, no longer the proud and independent ships and steamers they once were, but parasites of a little but mighty boat.

Perhaps that empty tow dragging back to New York is the very one I saw last week from Cape Cod's highest light on her way to Maine or nearer States. Her coal is now driving the spindles at Lewiston or Gardiner or sawing lumber at Bangor. Perhaps that other long pennant of smoke under the hills of Long Island bears power to Boston's electric

plant and New Hampshire's locomotives. Some tons of that cargo may warm the old homes of Emerson at Concord, Whittier at Amesbury, of Lowell and Longfellow at Cambridge, whirl the spindles on the Merrimac, or warm the gilded codfish which hangs above the legislators of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Sitting there, imagination does more than scan the surface. Without diving bell or armor it walks the shallows and the deeps.

There it stumbles on the familiar and the unknown.

Overhead rush and circle vast schools of menhaden coming from the outer sea, chased by the shark, the herring hog, and the porpoise; racing from these only to be encompassed by the purse net.

The diving ducks flash by one's side, rooting among the eelgrass for fiddler crabs and coot clams. One treads on flatfish and flounders, buried all but the head, and stamps out the sinuous trail of the lamprey and the silver eel. The blackfish bite off the barnacles from old wrecks and the sides of rocks; the sheepshead

crunches the young oysters; the starfish throttles those of larger growth, contending with the drill already boring into their hearts ; the periwinkle limps along on its one horny sole ; the blue crab, point first, paddles to its hiding place in the rocks ; the lobster hooks itself backward to some dead fish, seen by eyes on the end of movable stalks ; the hermit crab drags feebly along, as is the way with degenerates, its stolen house; the spider crab nips the passing minnow; the king crab creeps for egg laying toward the sun-warmed beach. The weakfish snatches the killie; the bluefish gorges both. The skate, with waving wings, scoops out the soft clam, while his cousin, the stingray, robs him of his catch. A splash above, and the talons of the osprey or the beak of the kingfisher snatch some fish from your side and, struggling into the air, are robbed by the bald eagle.

There in the ooze one stumbles over rusty cables; the flukes of anchors, speaking of some wreck beyond the knowledge of men. Glass bottles, old rubber boots, are freckled with young oysters, the spat setting only on smooth and polished sur-

face. There too are shadowy spars honeycombed by the teredo. If imagination dares to follow the Sound courses, they are known by the long trail of human bones. Swinging in the tidal currents are veils and fringes, of utmost delicacy of green and texture, growing from wreck and rock. Long ribbons of kelp with ruffled edges, bladders and fronds of seaweed, and pods of rockweed float out from their bases with infinite variety of filament and tint.

Up! out of the depths to fairer sights. The sea is one vast slaughter-house, one eternal war, but evermore the fecund mother of various life.

Is there anything Shakespeare did not know?

> "Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks:
> Ten thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
> Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
> Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
> All scattered in the bottom of the sea."
>
> —*King Richard III, act* 1, *sc.* 4.

IV

THE DRAWING OF GRANITE BAY

Continued

RARELY, very rarely, is our bay perfectly calm. It is sometimes, and God be praised for it, a sea of azure glass mingled with fire; of glass, black and star sprinkled. One can tell when wind is coming by the round reflection of the moon changing to a broad bar of light flashing with golden wrinkles.

I was long puzzled to know why this moonwake always followed as I walked, ever, always between the moon and me. I came to see that no two persons see the same wake unless they both walk in a line drawn through both to the moon, and the rear one should then be tall enough to look over the other's head. Then the eyes of both would rest on the

same wave facets and the same reflections in them. The moonwake one sees is almost absolutely one's own.

Our bay is moody; seldom the same, and never unless conditions of tide, wind, cloud, and light are alike. Let the mathematician calculate the probability of this! When do seaside forces concur and coincide? Some forces change her face in ways our wisest fail to understand.

From our perch on the rock we often see a belt, miles long, of tiny waves, but only a few yards wide, and very different in aspect from the rip made by schools of fish. This last is eagerly looked for by the man at the masthead of the purse net steamer. It will often be perfectly calm on each side of this ripple.

Again we see belts of glassy calm curving out from the Cut and extending a mile seaward with good breezes on either side. Neither the Fisherman, the Giant, nor the Mystery of whom I write later could ever give any reason for these. If they did not know, who shall? The Long Captain, who knows much and does not enjoy

The Wooded Aisle.

being ignorant of anything, has a theory, but it is not wholly convincing to all, not being according to all the observed facts.

We are certain of but one thing concerning these streaks. They prophesy a change of wind.

Long ago I came to believe with the Princess of Thule in the natural amiability of the sea. That best of William Black's stories is not at this writing accessible to me. But I am sure she therein says: "The sea would not hurt anybody if the wind would let it alone."

From every quarter the wind ruffles her, roils her, whips her, and threshes the rocks with her. Without the wind she is utterly placid, rising and falling silently without so much as lapping the rocks.

Surely it is scandalous that the poets conspire to abuse the sea. When did it roll of its own accord? What rage of its own ever made the sea deaf, as King Richard is made to say, adding to this demeaning adjective the others, "rough and rude." The sea would never roll a wave if moon and wind would keep hands off!

At our bay the northwest wind handles the meanest whip. Its strokes raise welts like the Russian knout. It howls down on us in puffs and squalls of surprises and aggravations. Every moment it seems as if failing and yet holds on for three days ! In summer it shoots out from a thunder cloud and in winter from the white haze of snow squalls. This is the wind which rattles our blinds, slams our doors, upsets careless craft, and compels tugs and schooners to salaam to it until they have time to measure it.

From our perch we see its black patches race over the waves and can follow them until they careen a boat a mile away. Yet the sailor cannot see them except as they raise the headline of a squall. If he is a true sailor, his mainsheet is never fast while this vixen blows.

It is a vexatious wind, summer and winter, and has a chill within. With its first blast the mercury climbs down from 80° to 60° in summer, and in winter from 60° to zero. In Texas Januarys, I have seen her free citizens shirt sleeved and chair tilted in summer ease at nine of the morning, and two hours later have found the

wet road frozen. I like not this wind. It tunes nerves to discords. All slackened filaments are screwed up beyond any possibility of concert pitch, so that friends doubt friendship and consorts pray for forbearance. All this in a single hour.

The east winds are of a different temper. Our captains tell this in their maxim, "Run with the first of an easter and the last of a nor'wester." The winds from the east begin gently. Only once in many years have I known a squall from the east. That day the rocks were crowded with people. Some women were on Flat Rock, where they had no business to be, for it is under four feet of water at high tide. Two men past seventy were on Scotch Cap. A small cloud rose in the southeast, and out of this came a two hours' gale of full force from its first moment. The older baymen saw the cloud and came inside. But the newcomers stayed out. Our oldest captain saved the women with difficulty and drove before the wind to safety. His son went out in his launch into the boiling sea, got under the lee of Scotch Cap, pulled the old men

on board with a rope, and brought men and boat back. No other craft in the bay could have done it.

Yet, in general, the east winds begin mildly, gain force each hour, and roar from twelve hours to three days; expiring with a mighty gust into almost painful quiet.

Except when mingled with the south wind our boats have no fear of these at Granite Bay. The long wooded point forming the eastern boundary is a great shelter. No winds have such weight and force for things on land ; shaking our houses; breaking down and blowing over trees; whistling, screaming, and shrieking around our corners; and bending our hemlocks until their roots lift and lower the ground in which they grow. I have lost two great hemlocks by this process. They were not overturned, but all the finer root fibers were broken and they died of anæmia.

Nor are we without experience of mightier winds than these.

Three times in sixteen years and twice in one week West India hurricanes swooped down, and for twelve hours kept

everyone awake and anxious. The wind came strongly from the northeast, hauled to the east and then to the southeast. With it came the highest tide and heaviest sea ever known. When it passed the sea wall was undermined, the houses on the beach were drenched with water, and where not lifted and turned about the earth beneath them was washed out; the lawns covered with sand. One boat after another was smashed to kindling wood against the rocks. In the Cut the yachts and launches went ashore, men risking their lives to save them. The ribs of the *Winnie* may still be seen at low tide half buried in the mud below the Fisherman's house. On land no one could make headway against the wind except by dodging from shelter to shelter. Outbuildings lay on their sides and chimneys were leveled to the roof. No man could hear his neighbor in the roar of wind and sea. Peninsulas became islands at high water and hollows became lakes.

It is after such blows that we are rewarded by some of our most beautiful sights. During such weather the schooners hurry behind the breakwater at Old-

port. The moment the glass begins to rise and the wind shifts to the northwest out they come in glorious procession in full sail and pass our bay. Thus I have counted a hundred sail in close order as of one command, but soon stringing out by difference of speed into a line of twenty miles. This is only equaled during the summer cruise of the New York Yacht Club. It passes in August with a hundred white wings and the finest fleet of steam yachts in the world. In the one case commerce masses her forces, in the other pleasure. In the one fleet as little is done for the comfort of the sailor as possible. In the other everything.

When will it be that the men who dare for commerce and are the bonds of civilization will be as well housed, as well fed, and as honored as the servants of pleasure ?

The east winds bring us the beauty of fog and mist.

Sometimes an opaque wall shuts the whole world out so that we lose ourselves in it to find our nearest neighbor. More often it softens all outlines, limits distance, turns our thoughts inward

and helps us in letting the great world go by.

I know nothing more beautiful than these fog effects. Often when it breaks a single topsail will catch the sun, while hull and other sails are invisible. Again it will open to reveal a single vessel in a circle of sunlit sea. It hides the black and forbidding reefs, but lets the trees stand out growing from a cushion of vapor. Its suggestions are dismal only when, in the night, it is condensed by the cool roof and drizzles and drips from the eaves. Then we hear the wail of the siren on New Reef and the scream of the horn on Faulkner's. The hoarse boom of the Sound steamers mingles with these. Safe in our beds, we who know the chief peril of the sea know the pilots are straining to catch the oncoming lights, whether red or green, and the men at the watch stations as eager and as anxious against the bowsprit of some schooner as the bow of some steamer.

V

THE DRAWING OF GRANITE BAY

Continued

AGAIN the fog lies low so that all is clear and blue above and all gray and damp beneath. Then we see men at mastheads watching for other mastheads, and giving courses to the helmsmen by waving of right hand or left, or by megaphone if the fog be too dense. Out of a sea of fog these rise; no lower sail or hull in sight. It is never more beautiful than when the west wind rolls it over and sweeps it away, strip by strip, revealing in turn the bay, the islands, and the open sea.

Nothing is comparable to this movement of the fog except the sweep of our thunderstorms. We can see them over the woods long before they come. Indeed, the two peaks near Oldport divide them as often as permitting them to

The End of the Park.

reach us, one half moving southward over Long Island, the other northward to follow the Connecticut valley. The thunderstorms are our active intense and brief pictures; shot with lightning, tremendously vocal, more sublime if not more beautiful than other storms. They are first promised by white domes of cloud with slate color below, deepening at the lowest to black. When greenish black we get ready for dangerous wind and expect severe lightning and hail. The edge of the coming storm is sharp. I have seen it rain at my barn while the house was in bright sunshine.

But generally a rolling and irregular cloud wrack swiftly heralds the wind. If any white scud precedes it, we know that it will be a dangerous squall. As the black cloud line advances the blue of the sea is blackened into wrinkled ink. The air is heavy with rolling mist and then driving rain. The lightning has rarely struck near us. In twenty years but twice in the Park. A tall ash and equally tall pine show the lightning seam on the northern side. On the lower land of the beach it split a great elm from top

to root. It has never within living memory seriously damaged house or occupant.

On one or two occasions I have used the extremely favorable conditions to photograph the lightning flash. After the golden light shows in the west with patches of blue the rear guard of tumultuous vapor rushes by, leaving us in sunlight, while all to the eastward is still black with the storm. We are then able to study with pleasure its rumbling and rolling retreat. At dusk the camera is put out facing the black wall of cloud down which the lightning still shoots. One negative shows two parallel streaks of lightning with branches like twin trees reversed. These white lines of light are mimicked by black lines of the same ramifying quality, but not sufficiently exact copies to convince us that they are shadows of the lightning on the clouds behind. What these are I do not know, nor do I recall any study of them by electricians. But the black lines are there.

During the march of these storms we measure their probable force by the behavior of the vessels to the south and

east. If they keep on their way in full sail, we know that only a mild storm is coming. When they take in their jibs and head up to the wind we expect a moderate squall. But when they let everything down with a run, and anchor, we are all solemn until the gust is past. The men of the sea seem never to be mistaken in their measurement of the energy of the storm.

Scientific men are in general very skĕptical as to the moon's influence over the weather. But it is now admitted that in Long Island Sound, on the Connecticut shore especially, the weather is greatly influenced by the moon, and apparently to a greater extent than elsewhere. No one of our old salts can be made to believe to the contrary. They say, "We shall have no good weather until the moon quarters," and this is confirmed by my own observations. If bad weather comes on shortly after the new moon, it stays with us until the first quarter. When a storm comes on the full moon it seems to have difficulty in gathering its forces. It will be violent thirty miles inland, but moderate and often without rain at the shore.

Again and again it has at the full moon snowed all day, cleared when the moon came up, and snowed the next day, and this for three or four days together. When all men admit the influence of the moon on the tides it does not seem unreasonable that, either by direct influence or through the vast movement of the tides, the weather should be affected.

There is a great difference in the quality and effect of the southwest wind on occasion. Nor does it seem to depend for these variations of effect on the strength of that wind. For hours it will blow with increasing force under a clear sky, or at most with light cumulus clouds, locally known as "gulf clouds." Another day, when of equal force, it brings with it a semidiaphanous bluish haze, through which, until the declining sun, nothing at any distance is visible. The horizontal rays near sunset gild and penetrate this haze until, if it be not an aid to vision, it is no longer an obstruction. Under these conditions we have our finest twilights, preceded by ruddy alpglow tints on the distant sails, the gilding of all our eastward rocks so

brightly that they seem banks and billows of old gold.

For the finest wave effects we look to the south wind, which has full play over a reach of twenty-two miles, entering our bay unbroken by bar or reef. Mostly it is so gentle that it raises only delicate wrinkles. Sometimes it is a "whole sail breeze," much loved for its steadiness by our boatmen.

Five or six times a year, however, it is very much something else, and lifts a surf which would honor an ocean beach. It has blown with such weight that the cottager on the beach could not close his door single-handed; and if rain comes with it, it is sure to trouble the housewife with the water driven under doors and windows.

While at high tide this south wind is in some respects the least spectacular; it is in other respects the most so. All our rocks and cliffs are extended in a north and south line, the southern end of rock and cliff being perpendicular, as the east face always is. The south wind smashes the sea against these, throws it high into the air, and carries it far inland.

The first dash is in effect like that of a submarine explosion, a green and white dome; the second is of a like tinted cloud curving over the rock and driving inland, thinning, falling, vanishing. On the opposite side of the bay between two prongs of Church Point a granite cliff thirty feet high runs east and west. It is hidden from us by one of these wooded prongs. When the south wind does its best a vast fountain plays there. The emerald foam leaps high above the trees and sweeps over their tops.

It is then, too, that the south end of Lovers' Island, wonderfully like the ram of an ironclad, splits the surf into diverging rollers, which curve over and rush on to strike Stanley Rock and leap over into the little harbor behind.

Thrilling as all this is it is mostly unwelcome to the beach folk. The boats at the hauling lines are swamped, smashed against the sea wall, and their fragments buried in sand; and they count themselves fortunate if some greater wave does not leap over the wall, wash out their posts undermine their foundations, and fill the cellars with brine and sand.

The struggle to save the boats well over, such a gale brings out a crowd in mackintoshes and rubber boots to watch the maddest leaping of water I know, except that of the Whirlpool Rapids of Niagara. The sea wall runs east and west at right angles to the general trend of the coast, as do many small faces of rock on both sides of the bay. Thus the inward sweep of the surf is diverted toward the middle of the bay, massing itself there. It first strikes Half Tide Rock, over which it lifts itself at full tide in a great billow. Then, no obstruction in its way, it hurls its full force against the sea wall once more, there leaping upward and sometimes over the roofs of the houses.

At low tide, as the bay is shallow, the waves begin to break far out and roar themselves in, white-crested, foaming, and, to the eye, higher than at full tide. They make up then in "the noise of many waters" what they lack in real power. The friction on the bottom so diminishes their energy that they run languidly up the sands, but the noise is tenfold that at high tide.

When the turmoil is over the beach is an interesting but sorry sight. Windrows of rockweed and eelgrass hide the sand. Tons of small shells are enveloped therein. One may then find in this and in the crevices and hollows of the rocks the beautiful silver and gold shells, so frail that it would seem they must have been ground to powder. Our maidens then seek them, and on rainy days string them into curtains and portieres.

Now is the time to search for the treasures of the sea. I have found many times the bony plates of the sturgeon, some of the rarer starfish, and a flat coral-like disk with a star on the upper side, evidently a cousin of the echinus and starfish, as they are cousins of each other. Its name is, in common speech, "sand dollar;" in science, *Echinarachnius parma*. There one may often find the beautiful and perfect shells of king crabs, so small and delicate that one is amazed that they survive the tumult of the "many sounding sea." It is ever a puzzle that many such come in unbroken, while larger shells and the stronger claws of crab and lobster are chafed, worn, and broken. The still

harder clam and oyster shells are almost always fragmentary, while millions of the little coot clam shells, heavier by far than the gold and silver shells, lie nearer shore in rows by themselves. Almost all these have a minute round hole directly over the spot where the strong closing muscle of the clam is attached, showing the deadly accuracy of the borer, whose drill kills so surely.

Broken oars, boat seats, trunks of trees, boards, and planks lie up against the sea wall, telling in part their own history. If riddled by the teredo and spotted with oyster spat, they floated long, sank to the bottom, weighted down by the lime or thin layer of shell with which the teredo lines its circular tunnel through the wood. Such have been driven along the bottom to the shores. But if clean, they are part of some deckload of lumber from Maine or the Provinces. Such come in smoothed and even polished by the sand in which they have been washed and rolled.

This kind of driftwood does not burn with the beautiful colors shown by another kind which reaches us more rarely.

These flames are due to the salts of iron and copper from vessels fastened by these metals.

The cottagers are saved the trouble of cleaning the beach after a storm. The thrift of the families near by brings them quickly down to rake up and carry away the great masses of seaweed and eel-grass, which they use as direct fertilizers or as absorbents.

This brings to mind one of the most picturesque of our autumn sights. In Connecticut no one can own land below high-water mark except by grant from the State. Below this well-defined line all is common property. So that if your rocks are rich in rockweed, a valued fertilizer, you do not own a spray of it below high-water mark where little or none ever grows. Few of the cottagers wish it, as it has a vile odor when decaying. The shore people gather it after the cottagers are gone. These follow the coast rocks in large sharpies, hooking off the weed and bringing it ashore in boats loaded so deeply that they have but two or three inches of freeboard.

After the Hurricane.

VI

THE DRAWING OF GRANITE BAY

Continued

THE time for gathering rockweed is also the time for shooting ducks, a diversion of little pleasure or profit, I fancy, to most, but very fascinating to some and not without its dangers. For several winters past one or two have lost their lives off our bay by the swamping of their boats. Some have been driven off shore by the sudden and cruel northwest wind and have been found frozen to death under the sand hills of Long Island.

It is true that occasionally a few black ducks or even mallards are found in the acres of coots and oldwives which lie off the bay and come into shoal water to dive for coot clams. Coots and oldwives

have the flavor of decaying fish. Yet these are eagerly pursued, and from November to April the guns are banging seaward from dawn to dusk. Sometimes a line of boats is stretched across the whole width of the bay. This is murderous, for few ducks can pass alive the line of fifty guns.

This, however, depends on whether the shore folk have made the line. Almost always some of the boats are manned by those whose confidence is greater than their skill. Not all who are good at a target can hit a duck moving fifty miles an hour. This is below their highest speed. I have seen a flock of ducks in the Hudson River keep pace with and even pass the swiftest express trains. I recall another measure of their speed. Many years ago I spent a night with a keeper in the lantern of the lofty Shinnecock light, on the south Long Island coast. A duck struck the thick plate glass on the east side, cracked it badly, and lay outside on the platform a shapeless pulp of flesh and feathers.

These ducks know their friends. No shot is fired from my place with my con-

sent. Hence the birds and squirrels frequent it as they do my neighbor's grounds, where they are as welcome. The sea birds swim near our rocks fearlessly, but keep away from other points. Early in the morning they are sometimes within fifty feet of the shore. It is a delight to watch these masters of all weather, preening, stretching, and diving, and sometimes excitedly chattering ; for these wild ducks do not quack, but have a far more musical note, unlike any other birds I know.

Appearing in October in small flocks, they increase in numbers until January and remain until May. They do not appear until the sailboats and launches are housed ashore, and go when the boats are launched again. Anyone who writes the truth as to their numbers will be thought imaginative by all who do not know the facts. How many are there in that patch I often see stretching over the five miles from the Beacon to the Old Light ?

Once I saw the departure for the summer of this acreage of ducks. For two days, as if by understanding, they gath-

ered off our bay. The numbers hourly increased. The noise was incessant and worrying. Suddenly there rose from the center a black and white cone, point upward, which widened at the base as those farther from the center took wing. When it had risen to perhaps a thousand feet the point of the cone headed northwest followed by a V-shaped cloud, and the summer saw them no more. Yet a very few linger in out-of-the-way coves all the season and are known as "pensioners." They have been wounded beyond flight, but are still able to dive. The verdant fancy they can be caught, and chase them until they learn something. I was incredulous of what I was told, namely, that ducks and loons learn to dive at the flash of a gun and are out of the way before the shot arrive. But no man can doubt it who watches the pensioners. They survive thus until emboldened by the coming of the flocks in autumn and then may meet their fate.

The loon, or great northern diver, is a frequent visitor, and more often in summer than in winter; and, when seen, is generally in the company of a pensioner.

His jet black head and neck, his size, and grayish body, make a good mark, if one has skill to hit him. But I know no one who has killed one in all these years I have lived at the bay. If done, he must be fired at from ambush. He dives so quickly that he is gone before one sees his going.

This bird is so wild that I have never been able to explain the following incident:

One was sunning himself on an accessible rock near my house. I went toward him and touched his back before he slid from the rock. He could both fly and dive and was no pensioner.

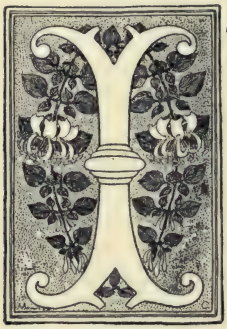
Strange to say the loon is often caught both alive and dead in the fish pound. They paddle so close to the long fence of net that there is not space to windward (they always rise toward the wind) for them to take wing, so they paddle on, following the line of net until within the final labyrinth from which they can neither fly nor dive. As often as taken alive, one must expect in handling them a wound from that sharp bill. They are found drowned, caught in the net by the

head when diving after some inclosed fish or in the effort to escape. What there is about our bay which repels in summer the sea gulls I do not know. They abound all summer in the Oldport Harbor, and in winter are abundant with us. They are graceful but unmusical neighbors, being never so noisy as just before a storm. It may be that, following human example, they only work for their living when they must. Oldport Harbor in summer is crowded with steamers, schooners, and yachts, whose refuse they fight for. They follow the steamers closely, and passengers amuse themselves by tossing food to them. In winter, however, vessels are few, and I suppose they then visit our bay to pick up shellfish on the beaches. With them appears an occasional puffin, and even rarer migrant birds, such as the great snowy owl, the snow bunting, and I have even heard of auks. Work has never yet permitted me to spend a winter there. It is very probable that, if I could, I should see other species which, having neither commercial nor scientific interest to the shore folk, are unnoticed by them.

If the good God should ever give me before the great transition comes the little quiet in old age which I ask at His hands, I may know more of these than I do now. Often amid the Southern pines and oaks, where the winter is almost voiceless except for the sough of the pine needles, the rattle of the brown oak leaves, and the roaring of the wind, but where the sun and warmth are very welcome, the longing to know my unknown Northern winter neighbors becomes imperious. The more masterful voice of duty has thus far kept me from the quest.

VII

MENTAL CONTENTS OF AN EGG



T WAS while summering near Granite Bay, but not yet knowing the joy of that spot, that I undertook to determine how much mind may be locked up in an egg. As I eventually selected a gull's egg for this task, I embody here the conclusions reached then and formerly printed, concerning the gulls, whose better acquaintance has been since made at the bay.

It promised little to choose the egg of any native or domestic bird. Only that which could be absolutely isolated from its kind, and which could thus learn nothing from imitation or example, could serve the purpose.

For this reason I hit upon a sea gull.

It was very possible that an egg just hatching might be found in Great Gull Island, at the head of the Sound, or on No Man's Land or Tuckernuck. Of this I could not be sure. Recalling an experience in Maine in my youth, I went there certain to find what I wanted.

Mount Desert was known to me when the post office at Bar Harbor was in a cigar box in a country store, and before any of the modern life of that resort. Nor were the outlying islands unknown. Between two of them lay the "Bull Ground," the best spot for cod, haddock, and halibut known to local fishermen. There I had persuaded myself that I was following apostolic example. It is easy to do that when inclination helps and when luck is good. I do not know if my friends and pilots of those days, Captain John Quincy Adams Freeman and Captain Adoniram Judson Robinson, still live. I would like to see them again, and mean to talk it all over in the old schoolhouse where, young then, we had much interesting converse. Would they know me at sight now, or I them? Perhaps it is better I should not go.

With one of these, in the early sixties, I landed on outer Duck Island and found the outer ledges covered with gulls' nests, from which rose a screaming and snowy cloud of angry birds. Here I found in the bank of earth above the ledges the burrows of the stormy petrel, the mother bird so brave that she would not leave her eggs when the burrow was opened.

Thither I went in the third week of a certain July, in the eighties, mentioning this date that a measure of time for the amazing growth of the gull may be in the reader's mind.

The eggs were so closely placed that it was difficult not to step on them. At length I found one in which the chick was just breaking through. He was transferred to an Indian basket, helped into the world, and was immediately carried to the main island and thence by rail to our summer home—three hundred miles distant from his birthplace, and six miles from the sea.

The cotton wool on which he lay was vastly more comfortable than the rough sticks against which this downy ball would have rested had he not been ex-

iled. He was not larger than a Brahma chick of one day; was covered wholly, except his lower legs and bill, with exquisitely soft down; had bright blue eyes, a long curved bill, and delicately webbed feet. His color was exactly that of the egg, and this was so much the color of the rock on which it lay that, if there had not been others, it could have been mistaken for a waterworn pebble. For months he invariably sat with his breast against something gray; never once against anything contrasting with his own tint.

From his capture until his death, more than a year after, he did not see or hear one of his kind. His appetite developed the moment he was out of the shell, and there was no waiting for strength. On steamer and train he was quiet as to voice, but alert even to liveliness on his wonderfully slim legs. He took a bath in the stateroom basin, rapturously flirting the water over himself and preening his down as if he were a year old.

During the journey of three days he ate three times his weight of fish. It seemed as if his lower jaw must unlock, so large

were the pieces swallowed—beyond any visible capacity of throat.

A small pond and outgo of brook gave opportunity at our home for his food and his exercise. From the first he was utterly without fear of us or, indeed, of anything. He walked on the grass as if civilization had always been familiar. Anyone could pick him up, and he followed us about, and came when he was called by his name, Jumbo.

He jumped the house steps, investigated the kitchen, and charged on the house cat. He clung to the children, played with them, and was effusive and annoying in his affection. When the girls stretched out on the grass he nestled against their necks ; when they dug angle worms he dragged his share from their holes. He sometimes walked with me to the market, a pleasure I was soon obliged to forbid on account of the mob of small boys he attracted, and because he stole every scrap of meat within his reach.

No living creature except a dragon fly could match him in voracity. The children fished for him, and in twelve days he ate one hundred and twenty roach of

three inches in length. In one day he devoured sixteen roach, two frogs, and a number of minnows. This was followed by two days of apparent indigestion. On the third day he was tempted with soft clams, of which he ate seventeen promptly, a peck lasting him only two days. As he grew his appetite became more variable, but on occasion, when weighing little more than a pound, he would snatch and swallow a half pound of meat in a minute by the watch.

Instinctive knowledge of proper food he had from his first day. Fresh fish, lobster, clams, and oysters were always welcome and only slightly preferred to fresh meat. He was expert in catching house flies. Grasshoppers, crickets, and butterflies met his entire approval, but never would he touch salt or tainted meat. A live mouse was let loose near him without thought of him. No cat could have caught it more quickly. He tossed it up, caught it by the head, crushed it by passing its length through his bill. Dropping it accidentally, he took it up by the tail, dipped it in the brook, and then swallowed it.

Testing him as to vegetable food, it was found that grapes and watermelon were welcome. Fancying that this might be due to their ruddy color, I tried him with boiled red beet. This he promptly rejected.

From the first he had a habit of dancing in a most comical manner. Unfolding his featherless wings, he hopped up and down for minutes together. The development of his wing feathers solved this mystery. He was trying to fly. After his wings were grown he always turned toward the wind, leaping up until he felt the current lifting him. He was an unconscious aeroplane. In this his habit was the same as that of the wild duck.

For a long time he had but one note, an exceedingly plaintive piping. Without any possible help from his kind he developed two others. One was a laugh, a real ha-ha-ha. This was the first knowledge I had as to his species. He was a *Larus Ridibundus*, or laughing gull. The other note came under ludicrous conditions. He picked up the children's pet kitten by the tail and ran round the yard with it, the kitten squealing and scratch-

ing vigorously. The gull dropped it, threw back his head and brayed prodigiously, a miracle of noise from so small a source. Later on a friendship sprang up between the two, and they often of their own will nested side by side in the same box.

During the day Jumbo carried his head down and his neck extended, with a subdued aspect, but as evening came on he erected his head and walked proudly with a strutting gait. I never detected the reason for this, but noted that when he saw us at the window he instantly resumed his meek bearing, and kept up his plaintive piping while we were in sight. During the day he seldom tried his wings, but was constantly trying them as the day declined. This was probably the only manifestation of the hovering instinct possible under his conditions.

This brings to mind some of his most interesting characteristics. After our removal to our city home I had constructed a pool in the rear yard in order to continue the study of his swimming instincts. Up to this time he feared the water, and paddled out when put in if he could not

feel bottom beneath him. When his tank was filled and he was thrust in he was terrified, but only for a day. His delight in the water became immense. He swam excitedly about, bobbing his head, fluttering his wings, bathing thoroughly, and then went to some sunny spot and spent an hour at his toilet. He dressed his feathers in a definite order. After the bath he was always frolicsome. For a long time he had a corncob at one end of the yard and a cotton spool at the other. For minutes together he would throw one or the other into the air, catch it and run ha-ha-ing about the yard. Sometimes he dropped the cob into the pool, went to a distance, flew to the cob and bore it away as older gulls do fish. In the same manner he snatched a clothespin from the maid and ran around laughing while she chased him to no purpose.

I am sorry to be compelled to now describe some equally interesting but less delightful qualities. Wondering if he had some of the less charming human emotions, I determined to test this by introducing to his acquaintance and premises a gorgeously colored mallard duck. This

was no sooner on his feet than the gull had him by the head and led him around as if assisting him to find a spot from which he might depart. Failing in this, Jumbo ceased to notice him except as to bristling his feathers when the drake came near. The pool was never large enough for both at the same time. The gull would not permit the drake to eat the corn set out for him until some minutes had passed, though he never tried to eat it himself or carry it away.

My pet, alas, had other human traits. I placed a mirror against a fence where he could see his own image. Instantly his feathers bristled and he charged the mirror furiously again and again. Meeting with nothing to bite, he went behind the mirror. Finding nothing there, he walked away and could never be interested in his own reflection afterward. He came to have a great aversion for a small rubber tube which fed his pool, and which writhed and twisted under the water pressure. He fought this tube as if some live thing until it was taken away.

I am sorry to say that his moral nature failed as his size increased. He utterly

ceased to be the sweet and playful pet of his younger days. Whether it was innate depravity coming to light or the demoralizing effect of a severe winter I do not know.

But certain it is that the more wicked he became, the more interesting he was. Is it true, as some novelists say, that a spice of wickedness is necessary to the constitution of an interesting character? Let us hope that men and women may be good as well as interesting.

He was still playful, but no longer "sweet." To me personally he was usually kind. I fear he took pains to conceal from me the side of his nature expounded emphatically by my neighbors. I am still loth to believe all some of them said of him. To the last he came when I called, flew to my hand, stood on my shoulder; evil overcame him only occasionally when with me. But I fear that to strangers, boys, and cats he was a fiend.

I was one day watching him when trying his wings. A small boy dropped suddenly from the fence to the ground. The gull had him by the leg in an instant,

and emulated the howls of the boy by a vigorous screaming. While the boy was rubbing the pain out of the pinch the bird made a survey of the boy with reference to a new hold. The boy started homeward too late to escape a bite on the tendon Achilles, the very best spot for a firm hold. The gull held on while the boy climbed. When at last Jumbo dropped off he laughed outrageously at the boy, who, from the top rail of the fence, in a security like that of some preachers behind a pulpit, exhausted a vigorous vocabulary.

Just then, at another point, a neighbor's cat dropped into the yard. The gull charged the cat. The cat did not run, but erected her hair and spat. The gull, bristling, slowly walked toward her. The cat jumped clean over him and was gone. This was the only time I ever saw the gull depressed by defeat.

From this on he had no patience with children except my own, and with them much less than formerly, except when they brought him food. No dog surpassed him as a guard against cats. My neighbor's setter dog fled ignominiously

when nabbed by the nose. Night music ceased entirely on our fence.

He did one day what has always seemed to me a bright thing ; more like reasoning than any other act of his I recall. I had fed him with some soft-shell clams, putting what remained in a paper bag on top of a wood pile. Shortly after I heard him laughing and whistling at the kitchen door. He had brought a clam from the wood pile and was asking to have it opened. This was evident from the fact that when it was opened for him he flew to the wood pile and immediately brought another. It was a case of reasoning as to ways and means.

In the wild state gulls will carry shellfish high in air and drop them on rocks. Thus I have found sea urchin shells on the top of Great Head, near Bar Harbor, Maine, and have picked them up directly after the gull dropped them. Jumbo's performance was the more remarkable as he asked help for what he could not do himself.

Such things compensated in part for his fiercer developments. My daughter was tossing a small rubber ball, which bounded

into the tank, where it filled with water. The gull picked it up, squeezed it, squirting some of the water down his throat, as the hole in the ball happened to be opposite. He dropped it quickly, but when my daughter went to get it he again took it, running about, squeezing the ball, and now squirting the water before him. When empty he dropped it in the tank, standing guard. Seeing my daughter coming, he snatched and, to her horror, swallowed it, but disgorged it in an hour, as is the habit of his kind as to indigestible substances.

I am almost afraid to give further proofs of his courage and voracity lest I seem to pass the bounds of the credible.

Late in the spring, in digging up a flower bed, a nest containing two half-grown rats was uncovered—the gull was at my feet looking for earthworms. He killed both rats in a stroke on each head, crushed them flat, and swallowed them. The last was more than he could well hold. It was a half hour before the tip of the last tail went out of sight so that he could straighten his neck and recover himself.

That autumn, his second, I lent him to an artist who had monkeys, cats, and crows for pets. The artist told me the gull was master. While with him the bird met his fate. Somehow he escaped to the street, where he was shot by a saloon keeper in the leisure between his early morning mischief to men and his noon endeavors.

Was this mind different from the human mind in kind, or only in degree? We know human minds by the inspection of our own. This bird's mind we can know through the dissection of his brain and the activities of his organism. Romanes has shown us how, as to other minds, we infer what is in them by our knowledge of our own mental movements. It was never clear to me that what seemed in this bird like conscious choice was necessarily so. It has long been settled that nervous mechanism with ganglionic centers is sufficient to produce the appearance of co-ordinated movement and of choice.

But it is plain that all the possibilities of a gull were present in the egg; all the habits, peculiarities, and capacities of his kind. He never saw or heard another

gull. But he was intensely and wholly a gull, and nothing else.

His instincts were sufficient to determine his proper food; to bathe and dress his feathers; to secrete himself by lying on or near some object of similar tint; to soften with water that which he could not otherwise eat; to recognize as rivals and enemies birds not of his kind; to catch and throw objects as wild gulls do; to turn toward the wind in the beginning of flight; to acquire all the characteristic gull notes; in short, without example or teaching, to become a well-ordered sea gull.

Yet, as Mivart teaches that reason must be denied to the cat, so I must deny reason to this bird. Yet it is hard to believe that all he did was without deliberation or self-consciousness. Did he only, as the philosophers put it, "sensibly cognize external things, but not intellectually perceive their being"? Did he "feel relations between objects, but not apprehend them as relations"? Did he "remember, but not recollect"? Did he "seek pleasure without deliberately making pleasure his aim"?

Again I say this was difficult to believe of this knowing bird. He appeared to have all the passions we know and in very human proportions. Pride, anger, jealousy, hate, ambition, dramatic instinct, affection, he surely had. Yet it must be that his share of the soul of the world was less than human.

GENTLEMAN GAD.

VIII

THE MIND OF A DOG

E CAME to us in a crate a gift from Omaha, valued as to contents at fifty dollars. He was principally legs when we first saw him. Earlier it may be that these were not so out of proportion with his body, and that he could play without getting them tangled; but this was impossible now. The last six weeks had gone to legs. His long nose was chafed through his ardor in seeking acquaintances in the express car and on express truck. This ardor diminished as he grew older, reaching such pass finally that he recognized no one outside the family without permission. This was not due to any ingrained aristocratic feeling, but to a deep sense of his duty to the members of the family, and to the fact that what

strength he had must be in reserve for their use.

He was a thoroughbred greyhound, slate colored, with all the regulation white points, a star on his breast, and the tip of his tail white also. There was no doubt great promise in his ancestry, and promise in his ample and awkward outline. From the overgrowth of his legs he was awkward as a cow. Yet from the first day he had that noble statuesque way of sitting peculiar to his kind, the forepaws extended before him, his hind legs close to his side, and his whip of a tail carefully aligned.

The naming of any member of a family requires thought and consultation. It was only after much of both that we reached unanimity as to the name Gad. The final reason is a family secret. The name was not, however, a family name; nor was it in any way derogatory to the son of Jacob and Zilpah.

Everybody's dog is the best and smartest in the world. As a unit in this everybody I proceed to prove that mine was. It makes no difference whether he be thoroughbred, cur, or "benchleg," the

universal fact is "Love me, love my dog."

Here in Tennessee no law against dogs can be passed. It is fatal to the future of the legislator who proposes it. The cities and towns would like it; some of the farmers who lose their sheep desire it; but the man of the mountain and the cabin will have none of it. Hence waste tracts and few sheep. Can the influence of the dog be better shown?

Does not the reason lurk in this, that the dog's devotion to his master begets a sense of oneness which exists in no other subhuman relation?

Hence it is the other dog which is always to blame for a fight; and if he snaps, it is because he is teased. I think it is something of the same feeling, increased also by fear of commercial loss if good reputation be gone, that makes every owner of a skittish horse speak of him "as gentle as a kitten." More than once have I been upset and damaged by these kittenish horses. It is, of course, possible that in horse talk the owner may use this phrase much as David Harum did when he recommended the horse

which would stand without hitching. Kittens can bite, scratch, spit furiously, and have running fits, which last I know to be true of a horse.

Named and fed, Gad was shut up for the night in the barn. But as he had been for five days and nights on the train and constantly in human society, I was no sooner ready for sleep than his loneliness overcame him and he lifted up his voice in lamentation. The volume of this wail suggested that his throat had grown to the length of his legs. Phebe has a faculty for sleep to the measure of genius. She has denied thunderstorms in the night because she did not hear them. But Gad waked her. Her imperative tone was excusable. After lights appeared in neighboring houses, and I thought I saw the railroad president loading his gun, I brought him into the house.

Human society was all he craved. On a rug in the corner, after turning round three times, as is the habit of prairie wolves in treading down grass for a bed, he stretched himself on his side and was quiet until morning with one slight excep-

tion. Doubt as to whether we were still in the house led him about midnight to put his cold nose on Phebe's hand. The observations which followed, though entirely ladylike, had the element of surprise in them, and awakened doubt in my mind whether Gad had not better have been left in the barn. Yet he won his way to her heart so fully the day after that always, until we lost him, he slept in the house, free to wander, which he seldom did, and then only when some noise required investigation.

I write of him as "Gentleman Gad" because from his puppyhood he had the manners of a gentleman. Little training was necessary as to his behavior in the house. His blood told. Greyhounds are commonly thought unintelligent, as compared, for instance, with collies. I cannot conceive of greater intelligence, loyalty, and obedience in a dog than Gad showed. He certainly understood much that we said, and knew when we were talking of him though his name was not mentioned.

That season at Granite Bay brought him to eight months of age, not yet

mature, but well grown and as beautiful and graceful as a dog can be. His nose elongated, his chest deepened, the muscles of his mighty thighs stood out, his tail grew in length, curvature as to the whole, and with a particularly pretty curve at the tip. He accumulated an impressive mouthful of teeth. Not once did he snap them or growl at any member of the family. All the neighbors and the little children came to love him. With strangers he permitted only brief familiarity, keeping himself chiefly for us.

Never but once did he harm any live thing except intruding cats and impertinent dogs. He killed a nestling which had fallen from a tree to the grass. He was then very young, and was whipped. The next week he found another, which he fenced in with his paws until it was restored to its clamorous mother.

It was highly necessary to train him to distinguish between the cats of our immediate neighbors and disreputable vagrants of that order; soon accomplished as to the distinction, but developing a compensating intensity of pursuit as to all of unknown ownership. As I was not fond of

seeing these manifestations of his severer nature I commonly screened them from vision by going into the house when I saw that he was bent on the banishment, if not worse, of unknown cats. Hence I am not in a position to state what happened.

His bearing toward lesser dogs at this time was rich in patience and dignity. He paid little attention to them unless I invited him to do so. They found it well to go home then, but went unhurt. Dogs of his size hesitated to come into the yard on seeing him. He took his naps where he could see all who came to the gate. He looked steadily at such, partly raised himself, growled with a depth and vigor proportioned to their nearness. Not one resisted the final vigor of his protest against invaders.

It was difficult to cure him of digging holes in the garden. Bones were very precious, and he could not think of wasting them or of sharing them with curs of low degree. It was not polite to take them into the house. He must, therefore, bury them. His mighty paws hurled the earth ten feet behind him, and a min-

ute was sufficient for a great hole. Not naturally aware of the value of flowers and shrubs, it had to be taught him by pointing out the hole, the ruined plants, and by earnest exhortation, by the exhibition of a whip, and once by the sting of it. He learned to avoid the flower beds, but as to other places the temptation overcame him to the last. But his bearing always betrayed him if he had been digging, even when we had not seen it. He went about meekly, with a deprecatory air—had a marked tendency to retirement. When we said, "Gad, you've been digging a hole!" his spirits utterly sank, and he would crawl at our feet until forgiven.

Not allowed to be in the dining room while we were at meals, he lay just outside with a sharp eye on our procedure, and knew as well as we when we were nearly through. When sitting on the floor his head reached far enough above the table to eat handily from a plate. No one could be less greedy. He would wait until a napkin was tied round his neck and eat piece by piece and drop nothing.

We could not take him South with us. During the four months of our absence he passed from large puppyhood to full doghood. We were not a little anxious to see if he would know us on return. He heard my footsteps while still shut in the house, nearly burst the door in his effort to reach me, put his paws on my shoulders, raced around the yard, jumped all the fences, and "bayed a deep-mouthed welcome." When Phebe came he climbed into the carriage in his joyful frenzy.

After this he became more stately in bearing and was of wonderful agility. At my command he would leap the fences, but not often otherwise. He now developed more fully that sense of ownership, while on our place, which some dogs never seem to acquire. He almost never left the place unless to accompany some member of the family. He would go with a guest when permitted. He perfectly understood "You may go," "You cannot go." If permitted to go, his joy and eagerness were touching. The putting on of a hat made him tremble with expectation until asked to go. Then with a mighty leap he cleared the veranda,

was over the fence, and waited at the foot of the hill. This compelled us to believe that he went as far as he could in order to be sure that he would not be sent back. He knew the difference between preparations for a walk to the village and for a journey. Trunks and traveling bags made him as unhappy as hats and canes made him glad.

It was about this time that he learned to call the children, who slept up stairs, and afterward his mistress, who slept down stairs. Where he lay down at night we commonly found him in the morning. He waited for me to bid him rise; followed me about in my morning's preparations. When I said, "Go and call the girls" he raced up stairs, wedged the door open with his sharp nose, and never came down until he was patted and caressed. What an air of duty well done he bore then! He understood perfectly the difference between "Go and call the girls" and "Go and call Phebe." He made no mistake whichever was said first.

This summer he was promoted to sleeping on a lounge, his long legs having

been often stepped on while he slept on the floor. But he never sought the lounge until told to go there, and would not leap upon it unless the cushion was turned over, exposing its leather side. He learned not to do this in a day. When lying on the floor I would say as to a person, "Gad, it is time for you to go to bed." He would go instantly to the lounge. If the leather side was up, he promptly took his place; if not, he waited until the cushion was turned.

When full grown he was fearless as to other dogs of any size, as he was far from being when a puppy. In his youth he depended on his speed. I shall never forget the behavior of a cross and heavy dog who hid behind a box which Gad must pass on his way to the village. I noticed that Gad was watchful, but could see no reason. He walked stiffly by my side. There was a rush from the box which nearly tripped me. The big dog leaped for Gad. But Gad was not there. He was running homeward as only a greyhound can. The big dog was the picture of astonishment and disappointment.

No dog attacked him after he was full

grown, but all kept at a respectful distance. I had supposed him too good to fight; too amiable! I wondered that some dogs acted so queerly in his presence. One collie in particular would wade into the sea up to his neck and hiss at him. Gad walked to the water's edge, turned his back on him, threw some sand at him, and walked stiffly off in contempt of such a coward.

Greyhounds are seldom good water dogs. But Gad was actually fond of bathing and of swimming, and would on hot days stand for a long time immersed save his head. He delighted to be in the water with the young people. Once, when we had left him with the Fisherman on the island, he swam across the Cut and was found on our veranda. He was as happy as possible in a boat, sat steadily in his place, and more than once swam after the boat when left behind.

I have said that I did not understand why the other dogs seemed to fear him. I supposed he did not fight because he was too amiable and because he never showed hurts from fighting. So for years I thought him above it by reason

of the dignity of his nature. But I was set right by the Long Captain, who told me Gad was the worst fighter in town! When another dog snarled at him he never bit at leg or throat, but leaped into the air, came down to fix his terrible fangs on the other dog's loins, and this was the end of the battle. I confess to both pain and pride in hearing this—pain that I did not know as much as I thought I did, and pride that, seeing he did fight, he was able to secure quiet for himself when with me by these private contests, forced, of course, upon him.

My neighbor the railroad president had a small, obese, venerable, but most faithful and affectionate black and tan; dear to everybody for his devoted attachment to the ladies of the family. I have known him when crippled with rheumatism, and asleep when they left him, to follow over the six miles between their city home and the bay. As they rode all the way he came not by scent, but by conviction that, if not at home, they must be at the bay.

This dog could not bear that his young mistresses should show Gad much

attention. He snarled every moment he had to endure it. Having as keen a knowledge of the boundaries of his master's property as Gad had, the presence of any other dog in his preserve grieved him greatly.

Now the peculiar thing is that Gad took no notice of Frisk's resentment when Gad was on Frisk's premises; apparently he thought it well within Frisk's rights to behave as he did. His mistresses warned Frisk to behave or he would be paid off some day.

The young ladies were coming for a call, Frisk with them. Gad went out to welcome them. Frisk snarled on Gad's premises. Gad shook him, set him down unhurt, and walked stiffly off with an air of magnanimous virtue.

I wish we had not left him the last time. The Fisherman and his good wife were as kind as possible. If Gad could not be with us, I knew he would have wished to be with them. He mourned for us when we were gone. He was much cheered by a visit from our grandson, as the picture shows, but he pined and fretted and developed pneumonia.

GAD AND FRISK.

The Fisherman's wife said, weeping: "He was not like a beast, but a human being." A physician attended him. Consumption followed. When I came in the spring he was a skeleton, unable to rise. The doctor lifted him to his feet. Gad staggered across the room, put his head between my knees, after his old loving fashion, fell down from weakness, but kept his eye on me with just the tip of his tail wagging. A few days after he died when I could not be with him.

Neither my tears then nor heartache now make me ashamed. So passed out of our sight the stanchest friend, bravest protector, most loyal guard, most loving companion, and intelligent servitor, not human, we ever had. His human goodnesses were so many that we still speak of him as "Gentleman Gad," and only now have found one exactly like him to take his place.

IX

SUBHUMAN NEIGHBORS. THEIR WAYS AND TRIALS

HAVE already detailed, in part, the conditions which make our bay the resort of many varieties of birds. That intolerable nuisance, the English sparrow, has not yet reached us in force —nor will he until more of our seven score houses are open in the winter. When he comes, as he must, now that the trolley brings us, as we have not been for years, in close contact with Oldport, so increasing the number of winter residents, we shall lose some of our varieties.

We have good hope, however, that the purple grackle, which abounds with us, may keep him away. It would seem that if other birds can endure this wise and handsome scamp, they might put up with the English sparrow. Moreover we

count on the kingbird, who nests with us, and is fully able to keep crows, blackbirds, and English sparrows in order.

I know of no two ounces of vitality containing as much courage and leadership as the kingbird. The crow, twenty times his weight, holds him in dread and flies from him in terror. The crow has only to come within sight during the nesting to be attacked by this mite of energy. I have seen him lead a flock of blackbirds in pursuit of the crow, and they give the crow literally a lively time. They overtake him, pick at his eyes, pull out his tail feathers, and probe him from beneath, until I have seen him turn on his back, and fall almost to the ground, striking upward with his claws and beak.

We sorely miss a kingbird who nested for years in a pine tree which overhung the sea. The nest was in the outermost fork of the trunk and not fifty feet from the house and forty above the water. There we could see the eggs from above and watch all the faithful care which the young received. It was a pretty sight, when the young were large enough to fly, to see the mother entice or push them

out of the nest and lead them along the tree trunk to the rock. Then with a morsel of food in her bill she called them up to other trees from which it was safe to teach them flight. But a cat captured one brood in our sight, sneaking out to the nest in the twilight. The next year they nested there again. But that fall the tree was wrenched to death by a gale and they are finally gone.

The grackle is almost as much of a marauder as the crow. Great is the wrath of the thrushes, robins, catbirds, and cedar birds when one comes near their nest. The robin is with us much more timid than the brown thrush and the catbird. This last slate-colored, unmusical but alert creature is easily the bravest. Together they generally are able to protect their nests.

But the appearance of a squirrel creates the greatest excitement in our bird colonies. We have with us the gray squirrel, the red, the flying squirrel, and the chipmunk. The entire colony pounces and pecks at these with a most discordant din. The squirrels scold violently as we pass, and thus have their revenge. If a

grackle has a nest in a tree, two things are noticeable: the nest is absolutely hidden and no eggshells or ordure are ever allowed to fall on the ground beneath. I have seen these carried in the bill of the mother bird and dropped into the sea. This is the habit of every blackbird near us. But we can often find a robin's nest from below, both by sight and by the delicately blue half shells which have fallen beneath. The robin is a faithful parent. I saw a mother robin pull a fat earthworm out of its hole and put one end of it in a young robin's mouth. Five times the youngster choked by reason of the wriggling of the worm. Each time the mother pulled the worm straight until the worm was swallowed.

The mourning dove has not wholly abandoned us, though less frequent than formerly. Their nests are quite low down and are fairly well concealed. The mother bird, when one is too near, will drop from her nest and flutter and tumble along, as the partridge will, in order to distract attention and invite pursuit. If one stops at the moment the mother falls, the little ones can often be seen above

curiously peering over the edge of the nest.

Our great wealth of wild and cultivated flowers secures us the presence of many humming birds, but not of more than two varieties. Of all the nests I know not one is so well concealed nor so artistic as that of the ruby-throated humming bird. It is placed on a fork of twigs, is not more than an inch and a half in diameter; may often be reached from the ground, but is always very difficult to find. It is made to resemble, to a marvelous degree, a knot or gall. The outer surface is plastered with specks of gray lichen and green moss, and is not easily distinguished from other warts on the tree. The eggs are about the size of the small white bean of commerce, and I have never found more than two in a nest.

Protected by our good will, these fairies of the air are tame almost beyond belief. Easily startled by any sudden motion, they often come within a foot's distance, sucking the honey of the flowers. Sometimes they hover in the air, turning the head from side to side; peering with a saucy look, and so close that one could

strike them, if quick enough and depraved enough. Many will tell the newcomer that the humming bird never alights except on its nest. This statement is incorrect. In flight their very short legs are hidden under their feathers. They seem legless. But they often stand on the fence rail and on firm branches. Their feet have small prehensile power, and their legs seem little more than a half inch in length.

One of our prettiest neighbors is the waxwing, or cedar bird—in shape a copy of the blue jay, but one third his size, quaker drab in color, and as quiet in manner. He comes last of all from his winter home, and is seldom seen before July, when the cedar berries are tender, but well formed. Being found chiefly in flocks, it is only occasionally that with us a separated pair builds its nest. He is the dandy among our birds—always sleek, smooth, unruffled, and to the last degree particular about his clothes. His crest gives him an aristocratic air without truculence.

This is very much more than can be said for the blue jay, who is with us dur-

ing the spring and autumn migrations. Handsome as he is and welcome for the flashes of blue he makes among the trees, I am sincerely glad that he visits us rather than abides. Like all the crow family, to which he belongs, he has an unmusical voice. Of this he cannot be aware, as he is incessantly vocal and as incessantly quarrelsome. He makes his arrival known at break of day, and night alone quiets him.

I will not say that we have all the woodpeckers, but very few species known to New England are absent—from the pine creeper, which is only a distant relation, to the flicker, who seems to be an aristocratic and differentiated cousin. This handsome bird we see only near daybreak, and then rarely. Known also as the high-hoe and clape, he is much prized by bay hunters for his bright yellow tail feathers and the patches of red, which give him a touch of gorgeousness.

From morning to night we hear in season the tapping of the woodpeckers. They seem to be indifferent to position, sometimes working with head up and as often with head down. I fancy we owe

no bird greater gratitude. His constant warfare on insects is our security for our forests and fruit trees. The few holes he bores are nothing to those made by the worms and insects he devours. And he is such a gymnast one could spend a day in watching him.

I am not sure the song sparrow is more charming than his plain little and almost voiceless cousin, the chippy. Both nest with us. If ever there is an ounce or two of condensed ecstasy in the world, it is the song sparrow on a fence picket pouring out his delight over his little brown mate in the grass below. While not as friendly as the chippy, he loves to be near the house. But never can he be coaxed by crumbs to your feet.

But the chippy is friendliness personified. If there be no cat, he will, if one is quiet, come to your feet for crumbs. I had one which would alight on my knee. Its nest was in a honeysuckle vine not five feet from the ground nor ten from the house. He is about the most diligent husband and parent I know, and is more solicitous about the security of his children when leaving the

nest than most. He gathers food and feeds his family faithfully. These last he feeds when they are full grown.

The swallows are abundant with us, but with the exception of the chimney and barn swallows I have not followed them to their nests; and as I never kill them I cannot name the species except from their most visible characteristics. They keep up their twitter over the sea from late spring to early fall, and are as angular and changeable in the track of their flight as the insects they chase.

The most interesting thing about them, which I look for every summer, is the feeding of the young birds after leaving the nest by the parents. A long rope stretches from my dock through a pulley tied to a stake whose top is always above water. Almost to a day each year broods of young swallows stand apart on this rope and are fed all day by the going and coming parents. These young birds are able to fly to and from the rope, but do not yet seem of full speed and certain command of wing.

The mother bird, if it be she, seems to intend to feed them in rotation, begin-

ning with the outer one to left or right. There can be no doubt of this, as I have seen it many times. As she comes near they all flutter and chirp, but only one gets the food. But she is thoroughly fooled if the youngsters change places. From this I conclude that she knows her brood as a brood, but not as individuals. The young know their own mother. For while all the broods will twitter when any mother comes near, all but one cease when the mother reaches her own.

Whether it be intentional or not I cannot say, but the little fellows seem to change places with rascally purpose. Thus they will fly out a few feet and return, particularly the one who has just been fed, and he never returns to the same spot, but moves up and down the line according to the position of the last one fed. In this way last summer I saw one get the portion four times in succession. The next time the mother fed the one below him.

I have found among some of the natives here, as did Dr. Abbott in New Jersey, a belief that swallows hibernate in the mud. But no one gives proof of it.

It is not credible from their structure. Dr. Abbott discredits it and ascribes their wet appearance, when first seen, to their habit of huddling together on a roof or branch during a rain, head on to a storm.

I am very far, in these pages, from giving a full list of the birds seen on or above our place. Considering that this is but a half acre in extent, it is surely proved to be rich in bird life by that which has already been narrated. All those mentioned have been seen and studied either on the place itself or within sight from it. Of the smaller birds, the warblers, I have not sufficient knowledge to distinguish all the species. But several of them nest in our trees. The American canary is a most charming neighbor in appearance and in note. Golden yellow, with black cap and wing patches, he has a true canary chirp, but not a canary song. His flight is wave-like, and his sweet note is sounded as he rises toward its crest. The cowbird often intrudes her egg in the yellow bird's nest. Sometimes the nest and eggs are then abandoned, and a new nest built above it as a second story.

Of all my bird neighbors the little active, not to say fussy, wren pleases me most. He loves the protection of man, and builds his nest in the queerest places. Thus one built elaborately in the top of the lantern which screens our electric yard light! He could just squeeze in between the upright cylinder and its hood. The heat from the bulb below was welcome for warmth and dryness, and they had a happy season until the father or mother somehow worked down into the interior of the lantern and fluttered to death unseen before morning. They are the soberest in attire, the most industrious, the bravest, and in quantity most songful of our smaller birds.

There are too many people about in summer for the whip-poor-will to nest near us, but they often rest lying low upon the top rail of the fence, and have the instinct of lying where their colors correspond with their surroundings. They are up and off at the least alarm, and seldom sound their characteristic note when within sight. One who found a nest near by told me it was no nest in any true sense—a stick or two and the bare rock.

A family of kingfishers have dwelt for many years on our cliff, and are with us as early and late as any. They disappeared for one season, the nest having been dug out by a lawbreaker. It was astonishing how much we missed their rattling cry and their constant passing by the house. They suddenly reappeared and burrowed near the old spot.

The kingfisher is not so sure of sight in diving as is the fishhawk. The latter drops like a plummet from a considerable height and rarely fails to emerge with a fish in his claws. The kingfisher flutters a while, as if uncertain, drops slowly into the water, and quite often has his dive for nothing. When successful his fish is in his beak. He has a curious habit of quieting his fish before swallowing it. I have seen him many times carry it to a pine near by, pass it along through his bill until he had it by the tail, and then "slat," to use a boy's word, its head against a limb until the fish is stunned. No swifter bird except the duck visits us. His shyness makes the study of his habits difficult. A crest which he elevates in excitement of any kind gives the appear-

ance of a head disproportionate in size. Sometimes in flying toward the house he unexpectedly sees some one on the veranda. Then he suddenly changes his course upward and literally climbs the air with feet and wings.

I recall that in China the kingfisher is a far more brilliant blue than with us. Indeed, he gives an impression here of being slate-colored rather than blue. But in Eastern Asia he is intensely and brilliantly blue. The Chinese and Koreans use bits of his feathers to give color to their jewelry. Thus I have a Korean hanging butterfly broach. The body is of silver gilt, touched with the blue of the kingfisher's feather and the wings of jade.

Dr. Abbott found in his neighborhood that some kingfishers swallowed their fish without killing, and others had the habit before described. With us I have never seen him do otherwise than stun and probably kill the fish. His one note seems to be precisely like that of the turning rattle which was in my youth a favorite toy, and which, in larger form, I have seen used in Holland by peddlers of some sort.

X

SUBHUMAN NEIGHBORS. THEIR WAYS AND TRIALS—*Continued*

VERY rarely have I found a dead bird; never, in fact, but once in fourteen years. It is probable that sick birds hide away from their kind and die in places of difficult access. As such spots are also the haunts of snakes, weasels, minks, and other flesh-eating creatures their bodies are quickly found and destroyed.

But this one case was sufficiently remarkable. On a walk through our woods I found a crow blackbird lying on his back stiff and dead. As it was in an open place I left it to see what happened. At nightfall it had sunk into the ground nearly one third its height. I could then find nothing to account for this. Fearing it would wholly disappear before morning, I drove a stake down near it.

The next morning it was half buried, and I saw then what had done it. Winged ants, as they appeared to be, were excavating the earth from underneath, piling it up at the sides for the whole length of the bird. Had it not been for the stake, it could not have been found at all the next day. The ground was smooth. There was no mound. The surplus earth had been carried away, and it was so thoroughly covered with leaves and small twigs that I was compelled to believe that these had been replaced to prevent detection. It had been a quiet night, and the mass above the bird was equal in quantity to that which lay on the undisturbed ground. The bird was still there, as I found, but most decently and quickly buried. Whether secreted for food or as a place of deposit for the eggs of the insects I could not determine.

Several varieties of owls stay with us, and some apparently all the year. I presume that the little owls which haunt a cedar near us are of the variety known as the saw-whet. They do not screech, as did the little owls I knew in my boy

days on the borders of the Adirondacks. They do not seem to be much disturbed if we are near, but make a hissing sound as if simply scolding. It is said they live chiefly on the larger insects, particularly moths.

I have seen specimens of the great horned owl and of the snowy owl in the hands of hunters. One was yet alive and giving his captor a hard fight.

Only twice have the shore larks to my knowledge visited us. A large flock remained four weeks last summer, making their headquarters in a maple tree at no great distance from the house, and again this summer.

Many times, particularly in autumn, the "whir-r-r" of the partridge startles us. He becomes neighborly only when the pretty berries which bear his name redden our woods. Not for some years has "Bobwhite" whistled for his mate. Possibly he is finally gone since the houses are so many.

The night heron, trailing his long legs, passes over at dusk, "quawking" on his way. The white crane and the blue are sometimes seen stalking the lonely

marshes across the bay; but close study is difficult; they of all our birds are hardest of approach.

The snakes, all harmless, seem to like us better of late. Instinct is more imperious than knowledge, and few escape death. The garter snakes ought not to be killed; they lay their eggs in our flower beds! They never have been seen here rolled up into a hissing ball. Two such masses I dispersed with a stick, many years ago, on the edge of a wood in Bay Ridge, Long Island. A black snake crawled over my daughter's foot while she was picking wild violets. She knew him to be harmless and went on with her work.

The beautiful green summer snake has been more frequently seen than the black snake, but has not been visible the last few years.

Of lizards we see but one species, possibly nocturnal, called by the country people a "wiper," and generally found under the edge of a flat, half-buried rock.

Having no fresh water on our side of the bay, the speckled turtle is seldom seen, but some box tortoises are picked up

every summer. One marked by a date cut in his under shell forty years ago has been found twice in sixteen years. Slow as these are they sometimes run on the tragedies of life. On raising a large, flat rock an empty shell was found so firmly wedged in an angle that it could with difficulty be dislodged. The box tortoise never appears until the dewberries and strawberries are ripe. On these and on earthworms he is believed to feed. Some hold that he is one of the scavengers who remove the bodies of dead birds and small animals.

Elsewhere the fact is mentioned that he who makes a winter visit to his cottage may find a flying squirrel nesting in the hair or cotton of his mattress. This actually happened to my next-door neighbor, the railway president. The intruder escaped to the attic, from which he was drummed out and shot. The flying squirrel is drowsy by day, but astonishingly frisky as night comes on. In him also nature anticipates the aeroplane. He spreads out the membrane which connects his legs on both sides and shoots fearlessly as far as forty feet from tree to

tree. In intelligence they are as much below other squirrels as they are below the chipmunk in pure fun and playfulness. This last seems to have no sobriety of purpose unless when the nuts are ripe. He does then give himself to honest labor for a while. But the greater part of his life is given to play. This is his end of being, and whether on tree or fence he is master of tag and "hide and go seek." Our hickories keep the squirrels near us. Under the same rock where the box tortoise was caught and starved was a squirrel storehouse containing a bushel of walnut shells. The squirrels know too much to have nest and storehouse on the same spot.

For the first time we caught sight, this last summer, of the pretty and agile mink. The fishermen had often complained that their fykes were cut and fish eaten by minks, but none had ever been seen by us. One warm afternoon three came racing along the foot of our fence, our neighbors following the unusual sight. I was in their way. They crawled under the fence, dashed past me where I could not reach them, and hid under some loose

stones in the cellar. They were somewhat larger than a rat, jet black, and with straight, bushy tails. At home in the water as on the land, they are the most agile, secretive, and courageous of our smaller animals. Those who passed me hid themselves among the leaves and bushes in front of my neighbor's house, and could not be made to stir until almost stepped on. It is to be suspected that they had visited the Long Captain's gill net; that the alert fox terrier near there was on the watch for their landing, and that they avoided him by taking an unaccustomed track. He would have had a bad quarter of an hour if he had attacked them. They simply cannot be shaken off, but hold until dead. They have a villainous trick of pulling young ducks under water, and can bite fatally before a full-fledged duck can take to flight.

Our woods and flowers harbor a full quota of butterflies, moths, grasshoppers, crickets, cicadas, and katydids. Since the electric light, polyphemus, Cecropia, and death's-head moths have stunned themselves against the window.

Whether it was the annual, the thirteen-year, or the seventeen-year "locust," or cicada I do not know; but the park and a pine tree gave me the rare pleasure of watching their emergence from subterranean life, and their birth from the pupa to the imago state. They fastened their foothooks so firmly in the rough bark of the pine that the pupa cases remained for days. These cases were ripped down the back by the pressure from within, the cicada crawling feebly out with legs perfect, but the wings strangely crinkled and folded. As these dried they seemed to stretch and unfold of themselves. When fully dry the cicada was off in an arrowlike flight, and, if a male, began beating his tambourets on the first branch he reached.

The story must probably be accepted, for it has much authority behind it, that the cicada, in the pupa state, spends thirteen, and one species seventeen, years in subterranean life. It is admitted that there is an annual species also, and that the life of all the species is, in the sunlight, very brief.

But who has verified it by watching

one individual or even one colony for all that time and is certain of identification? An equally wonderful story is told of them, before entering the ground; namely, that they do not crawl down the trunk, but leap without injury from twigs many feet from the earth and immediately bury themselves, and that this is the only way they leave the trees. I wish I knew whether the wind was blowing the day this was seen, and whether, while the observer was watching these jumpers, some one else was scanning the trunk of the tree. Something very like them I saw climbing down a hemlock in my own grounds.

If one wishes to ascertain how the cicada makes his characteristic noise, squeeze him gently and feel the vibration of a horny drumhead in his side. Within his body can be found as good a specimen of a hollow sounding-board as nature or art can show.

No one, country bred, can fail to recall the terror inspired by the appearance of a dragon fly, or "devil's darning needle," among a group of children. We firmly believed in those days that he could sew

up eyelids and lips, and that on small provocation. He is as uncanny in the larval condition as he is swift, big-eyed, and voracious as a mature insect. Boys know him as "alligators," digging him out from under stones in brooks and ponds, and count him the best bait for bass.

He does not seem to fly, but to dart, the motion of his wings being so swift as almost to seem at rest. His eyes have lenses, I know not how many, and constitute the chief part of his head, projecting generally beyond his shoulders and so permitting him to see in an entire circle. His jaws are great for his size, and can nip the finger sharply, but he has neither sting nor poison, and if one alights near or on a person, it is pleasant and instructive to watch him. If he be not the most voracious creature on earth, I do not know his equal. He is a cannibal, feeding chiefly on insects, and is a true mosquito hawk. From thorax to the end of the body he is just a long, straight stomach —an animated, jawed, winged, and big-eyed stomach—digesting as rapidly as he eats and eating as fast as he digests. No doubt those we see are of several species.

More than seventeen hundred are known, some with wings of seven inches span. Happily no such terror visits temperate climates.

I had read of dragon-fly storms or migrations, but never expected to see one. But the unexpected always happens. Sitting under our hemlock, I was looking seaward when a score of dragon flies shot by. In an instant they were followed by a long stream, twenty feet wide, which poured over the fence and passed on into the woods for over ten minutes. As these are met sometimes at a considerable distance at sea I must believe that they had crossed Long Island Sound, as was evident from their line of approach.

Every year we have a colony of hornets, who never trouble us unless we trouble them, and whose ways are a delightful study. There is a small cave in the cliff on which the house stands. Here, one year, well within its edges, thoroughly sheltered from the rain, they built a great nest. They are the original paper makers, and the quantity in a nest is surprisingly large when the various layers are separated and spread. The wall is some-

times nearly two inches thick with layers a quarter of an inch apart. The nest must be both warm and dry. No nests with us are occupied more than once. Our colony built a second time under the eaves of the barn in a far more exposed and inconvenient place. Their first nest in the cave withstood the storms and easterly gales of two seasons. To the heaviest winds we have it was wholly exposed.

We had to pass the second nest within two feet when going to the second story of the barn. Only once did the hornets resent this, and that when a trunk high up on a man's shoulder may have jarred the nest. They are persistent and annoying if one has anything sweet in the hand or is eating fruit. They return boldly when brushed away. One must either strike them dead or change place to be rid of them.

We have certainly two kinds of "bumble," or humble, bees. The last name is not at all descriptive of their mental attitude, and, I fancy, the first is the true name given from the loud hum their strong wings produce. One variety has

its nest in the ground. Its young are truly largest when first hatched, a fact observed as parallel or coincident with some graduates of high rank. The other kind bores holes in the sheathing of the buildings and often makes a tunnel many inches in length. He ought to be of close kin to the borer worm, for which on our fruit trees we must keep constant watch. Like the teredo, or sea worm, his mouth is a true auger, the mandibles being so hard as to "click" when struck by the blade of a knife. As, like the teredo, he grows as he travels we are often only able to find the point of entrance by his chips or sawdust.

GOOD-BYE TO THE SEASON.

XI

REMNANTS

THE charm of country life surely does not consist for all in reverie, in hammock lounging, or unconventional existence. No doubt country pleasures are revealed to varying tastes, and no one is large enough to enjoy them all. Fortunately, as tastes change with the years, new delights are visible, and if one by ill-health or age is less mobile, the country will still bring something of its intense interest to one's feet. Thus it was with our crippled but happy friend the Doorkeeper, of whom the reader will know more later. Thus it is with all who have eyes to see.

Variations of eyesight from the normal are unfavorable to some of the pleasures herein set forth. A nearsighted friend of mine, whose introspection amounts to genius, called my attention to the physical basis for an observer

"No nearsighted man, aided by the best lenses, can observe or be prepared for observation by the attraction of his attention as can the man of normal eyes. He might do something with a microscope, but nothing demanding a wide outlook."

But it is not wholly a matter of eyes. One must have been brought to feel himself an animal before he takes much interest, apart from profit, in the less than human life of the world. Something must have brought him to see how closely he is himself related to this, and also have some measure of how far he is above it, to enjoy such things as any country spot may show him. It is probably true that the liking for such studies must be born with one, for in this respect my experience shows that the boy is father of the man.

The mimicry of human life by lower creatures goes on everywhere. If the reader's patience lasts until the Giant is known to him, he will note some wise observations on this point from that worthy.

So I have seen when watching the bat-

tles of armies of ants in our roadway. There seem to be reconnoissance, attack in mass, individual and independent battle, taking of prisoners, wounds, death, and the rage of war. The soldiers know friend from foe; they touch antennæ and instantly part or fight. Looting of a kind worthy of the forces in China follows. Whatever the other nest has is taken by the conquerors.

One day a mud wasp, electric blue in tint, was caught in a spider's web on our veranda. The spider, as heavy as the wasp, reconnoitered, felt him to be dangerous, circled round him looking for a chance to spring, and found it. Tiger leap could not be as quick nor more fierce. He had the wasp by the throat. While struggling the wasp curved up his abdomen and stung that of the spider, who shivered, let go his hold, flattened, and dropped dead from his web. The wasp shook himself free, buzzed angrily off and as angrily back, as eager to mutilate the fallen foe as the old Sioux squaws our soldiers.

Below my house is a cliff nearly vertical with occasional crevices and nearly

ten feet in height. A toad began climbing it. No mountaineer was ever more skillful or patient. The action of his arms and legs was wonderfully human. One hand reached out for a new hold on crevice, grass blade, or twig. On this he tried his weight, then stretched up the other hand, then one foot, then the other, until a little shelf was reached. There he lay panting and limp for ten minutes. Once more climbing he reached the top laboriously, rested on the summit, and then hopped to the garden, where he buried himself in the earth except his head, and refreshed himself with flies and small moths. The common toads are not voiceless. On the Fisherman's Island there is an open cistern with boarded sides and a plank leading to the bottom. All the toads on the island seemed to have gotten in, but were unable to climb out. They made a most mournful noise, resembling the note of the tree toad. Their behavior suggested a shipwreck and panic among men. All could have escaped one at a time, but the crowd behind pushed the advance guard off until they in turn were pushed off

and the many floating on their backs with outstretched limbs prophesied the death of most. They were there to deposit their spawn.

Much more might I write of my sub-human neighbors at Granite Bay. But I must pass to the human neighbors and discourse of them, and I trust not without charity. Most of those whose ways will be set forth have gone on to the majority. Whether they have lived without lesson for others the pages devoted to them will show. To me they were of perennial interest, as they are now of loving memory. Much that they knew of fish and fowl, of sea and land, appears in my account of them. They were my masters in the craft of the wood and the sea.

Very very dear to me is the memory of those twilight hours when young voices have beguiled me from watching the fading gold and the deepening purples of the coming night, and their sad suggestions, into another and more enlivening study. The coming of the evening mail finds all our young folks, in their best of seaside attire, gathered at the post office or near it. I do not see that so many

need go so far as the mail is concerned. Older people sometimes suggest that four need not go to bring home three letters. Such have forgotten their youth. Others rejoice in the vigor and beauty of the young life there. Gay, bright, kaleidoscopic, merry but never boisterous, they form charming groups, and as a whole an equally charming picture. We are not without young men at our bay. They are masters of all manly sports, and our girls are not far behind them in skill, but have learned how to be athletic without being unwomanly.

It is at this gathering that plans are made for the next day and sometimes plans for life. I have noticed that when the mail is delivered fours dissolve into twos, and if it be moonlight, stop to rest on the rocks, for it is at least a quarter of a mile to the farthest house! To such the longest way round is the shortest way home! I can see now, in my mind's eye, some of these twos walking hand in hand in life's work and joy and in far distant cities. The post office evening hour is revered in Baltimore, Austin, Knoxville, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, and I know

not in how many more. It has been so long used that its observance is of traditional force and dignity. It is well, if any older people go by mistake at that hour, to be willing to walk home alone.

Granite Bay is dear to me and mine; the one spot on all the earth we call home. To it we turn with loving memory whether on one continent or another. Not alone for what it has done for us, but for what we have been able to do in it.

Some few spots there have been made ready by nature for a home. But most of us have had to conquer wild and rugged nature into our present measure of civilization. We have forced the forbidding bowlders into cellars and retaining walls. When not buried in hollows we have piled them into foundations, chimneys, and first stories. Trees and flowers grow now where rocks cumbered the earth. Thither we have brought woods from many lands, and tiles, bricks, and marbles from the oldest civilizations. Some of us have known it so long that we have grown since our first knowledge from maturity to the youth of old age. Those who have played there as children

are now bringing their children to renew their former joys.

There we have known the delight of building as we could until we could build as we would, rewarding economy by convenience and comfort. There, while nature is prodigal with her wild roses, laurels, and dogwood, we gather flowers and fruit from that which we have ourselves planted, as pure a pleasure as humanity knows. Some of these were brought by hands we shall never grasp again on earth. It is there that precious friends now with God have sat at my table and broken bread with me. The sainted Ninde, "who was not for God took him," looked out on our bay. Many phases of life, many measures of gift, have there come to vision and enlargement.

Here Richard Hovey, unequaled as a writer of sonnets, was my next-door neighbor. At the middle of the bay Ella Wheeler Wilcox still sings her glowing songs, and makes the Bungalow a literary center. Physicians, lawyers, "bishops and other clergy," professors, artists, bankers, railway magnates, manufacturers, merchants, statesmen in esse and

posse, divinity students, Yale and Harvard boys, delight to come. The dress suit cannot be made to fit here. The yachting cap, the straw, or light felt banish the silk or opera hat. Duck displaces broadcloth. The *négligé* of tennis or golf is universal. The arms of Granite Bay consist of a field demi azure, demi vert, with tillers, oars, fishing rods, crab nets, racquets, and golf sticks rampant. Our conveyances are yachts, launches, sailboats, sharpies, canoes, and rowboats. Time is measured by the meals and the mail. In no place is it more difficult to recall what day of the week it is, except Sunday, whose blessed hush we still in good measure know.

The days are so full that at nine the windows begin to darken; at ten only the street lamps glow. We are never without musicians. At ten a bugler sounds "taps" from some projecting point, and he must be ill or in love who is awake after that.

The early morning divides the charm with the moonlit nights. The daylight bleaches the blackness over the eastern woods, and before the sun is up the fishermen are on the rocks or at the nets.

The selectman, or his brother, the Long Captain, passes in their swift launch, towing the barge towering with lobster pots. Their father, hale at seventy-eight, heads for the eastern passage, sculling his scow, on whose length the long clam tongs rest and vibrate. The milkman comes in his skiff and climbs the long stairs which scale the cliff. One by one the chimneys send up their delicate plume from burning wood. The children wait for breakfast by gathering shells or playing tag on the beach. Conch shells and fog horns call the anglers home to breakfast. The jingle of the stage bells speaks of the unfortunates who must go back to-day to a burdened world. A little later the maiden with her book, embroidery, and cushion takes her place on the rocks for the morning. The weary and the feeble sling their hammocks on the verandas or under the trees; the energetic strive in the tennis court or alley. The housemother wrestles with a long line of grocers, marketmen, and fruit peddlers, while the housefather looks on with delight in the incoming abundance.

Noon is sacred here to eating. Nor is

our weak nature above the charm of the siesta. Afterward, if the tide is creeping up the beach, the bathers dot the sea, screaming for fun as loudly as if stabbed or bitten. Some, followed by a boat, cover the half mile to Half Tide Rock and back. Steady heads over steady feet stand on the top of wharf piles for that second before they plunge into the sea. A little steamer with a preposterous whistle splits our ears with her call for passengers.

As the sun westers the maidens appear in the fluffiest and prettiest they have. The young men follow with some evidence of condescension to convention in collar, coat, or tie. Then the visiting begins, with its delightful nothings of badinage and talk. Thus the twilight hour, dear to all lovers and to all meditative souls, returns.

And so summer is passed—the time of some men's severest toil and of others' completest rest; of nature's creative, maturing, and soon fading energy.

September's first week sees some gone, not willingly, but that the children may be in school. Those who can, when they are wise, linger until the leaves fall.

Then our bay is lonely. Sky and sea are gray with November clouds. We are not despairing:

"Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft, vapory air,
Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian flower that in the breeze
Nods lonely; of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost and darkened air."

So we pray with Bryant, and seldom is our prayer denied. The Indian summer has delights worth waiting a year to see.

When the snow falls the last fly southward, and we are of them.

O Granite Bay, may we come again!

CHARACTER AT GRANITE BAY

The Cedar Gate.

XII

THE FISHERMAN

NO ONE but himself, unless it be his ever-industrious and still comely wife, knows with precision when our Fisherman first came to the bay. I have never asked him or desired to ask him. He is so much a part of us; of our village and landscape; of our meetinghouse and waterscape, that we all wish to think of him as having been always here.

I have never heard our oldest inhabitant speak of a time before the Fisherman came. It is true that in the month of May some sloops and sharpies reputed to be his come in from some harbor farther east. They keep coming with fish all summer. I seem to have heard of a farm

of his somewhere alongshore to the eastward. It has even been reported that he has ferried cows across the Cut which he had driven from this farm, and that he has been known to leave the island and go east as often as twice in one year. This story is in the air, and of it, as it were. One may believe it or not. I prefer not mainly because Phebe and I will not give any other bay a shadow of right to claim him. We do know and stoutly maintain that he is peculiarly and distinctively, and of right ought to be, a feature and fixture of our bay.

I always have a feeling of having missed something the day I do not meet him; a sense of incompleteness haunting the evening hour. Inspecting this, I find it due to the fact that our paths have not crossed that day, and that we have not had our chat at the crossing. This must not be so to-morrow; and I stand at the cedar gate at ten of the morning, and am seldom without the sight of his tall, round-shouldered figure and his strong and weather-beaten face. He is on the way to the post office.

Let it be known, once for all, that at

Granite Bay going to the post office is an eminent social function. It was so before we had a post office, and mail twice a day. In the old time the grocery man and the butcher used to bring the letters over from Mealford in a cigar box. Now that we have our own office, and the mail comes with much certainty, something of the charm of the old days when we never knew when the mail would come is gone. When one had nothing to do, and this was then and still is the principal occupation, it served as a motive for gathering at the grocery and remaining there until dinner called us home. Promptness and regularity have taken away the excuses made by the men for staying so long when going for the mail; but the habit still remains with some especially if there is any wood to cut.

Of the importance of this function in relation to our young people there has already been discourse. But now I am confined to the assertion of the necessity of going to the post office as it is related to those of us who have family cares.

In the summer we old people affect chiefly the morning delivery. It is then

that, sitting on boxes and barrels, we exchange our rheumatisms, our sick cows, the scarcity of clams, and other calamities. It is then that one of our most mature matrons cheers us with a minute account of all the ulcers, tumors, and cancers in the township, who has them, whether they run in the family, how long they have been at work, and how soon in her opinion they will finish. It is at the post office, if it be early in the season, that we who have been gone all winter catch up with the troubles of those who have stayed behind, and thus hook on to the lives from which we have been for some months cut out.

Letters of importance and packages of weight come chiefly in the morning, and it would do anyone good to see the mature and solid company then gathered, of which the Fisherman is a chief unit. From him we have the wisest prophecies of the weather, the time of high and low water, whether weak, black, or bluefish are running now; whether crabs are in the Cut; whether eels will pot; whether jellyfish will foul fykes this week; whether there will be mossbunkers for lobster

bait; whether the set of oysters in the river promises well for October.

As the farmers about chiefly fertilize from his mill he can tell who has put in turnips and buckwheat, where cabbages are likely to be found in September, and what effect the weather is likely to have on late potatoes.

As he buys coal by the cargo for his engine his views of the probable price of coal next fall are strongly desired by many, and form an important factor in the economics of many homes.

He knows also whether there will be service in the chapel next Sunday, who the preacher is to be, and whether he is interesting or not. On this last point he knows more than he will tell, for he holds that we ought to go to church to worship; that the dullness of the preacher has nothing to do with our duty. On this point we hold him behind the times. But his father and mother believed this, and he believes it and teaches it both by speech and silence.

It is seen from these considerations how important it is for all of us that the Fisherman should go to the post office

daily himself, and how we feel like laboring with him if he ever sends his hired man.

Our Fisherman seldom fishes now, but is the cause of much fishing by others. Everything is grist which comes to his mill, and a large grist comes daily. It is when the fishing boats are at his dock that he commands attention, not to say reverence. I have seen him catch a shark six feet long by the tail and sling it from the sloop to the tank ten feet above. His handling of herring hogs is a joy, while his maneuvering with a sturgeon of five hundred pounds is an eminent and æsthetic delight. In the arrival of all fishing boats he has part.

But whether it is because he is now turned of sixty and has become a man of substance, and has been elected to our sanitary board, it is yet quite true that he seldom goes out to the fish pound himself. Genial and even talkative on most subjects, he keeps his own affairs to himself, as was the way of his forbears.

That he is a man of substance is purely an inference from the extent and variety of his possessions. He owns a point, an

island, a peninsula, a salt marsh, a sea beach, and a fish pound; a summer house, a winter house, a chapel, and three cottages gladly tenanted by the same families year after year. Of boats he has I know not how many since the hurricane hurled his *Winnie* against the foot of his cliff. His horses and cows are as good sailors as himself. Who has not seen them climb into his great scow and stand like statues, while he, with a single oar, sculled them across the Cut?

I admit a doubt as to his being a man of substance, thrown by his being incessantly at work, and his wife with him, and this at a time of life when most of us have slowed down the engine and endure much rest.

It must be that he has inherited the New England religion of work, and that he has lost the ability to idle. I sometimes think so when I see him leap into a cargo of fish deep to his waist and scoop them out as no other can. This idea grows on me when I find him, though employing twenty men, hoeing his own wonderful sweet corn on the island, the readiness of which for our

tables constitutes a distinct event in our season. It is further developed when we see him on his way to Oldport with a heavy load of shad, weak, or bluefish, according to the season. It is not diminished when we find him painting his cottages with his own hand, shingling his roofs, papering the walls, or hanging the curtains for the coming tenant. It becomes almost a certainty that he is not well to do when he saws the hard discarded hickory pound poles we covet for our autumn fires, and wheels them to his neighbors, anxious for their wonderful glow in the days of the east wind.

The doubt becomes a conviction when we see him shouldering a two-hundred-pound sack of fertilizer and hurling it into the scow, where his brace of Polacks wrestle with it.

It is pleasant to us who dream the summer away to find him always sympathetic toward the habitues of the hammock and the veranda chair. Plainly he does not despise us. He looks as if he would use both hammock and chair if he could. But the sense of something undone, which is his besetment, restrains

THE FISHERMAN'S FLEET.

him and he rushes on to find a new task for his bending but unbroken strength.

From this point of view he appears to the best advantage on a week day. Vestless, coatless, and, let it be spoken softly, sometimes shoeless, he is everywhere and at all times a terror to the shirk, but a helper to all who have a care or are under burden.

Who has not asked him for a man to help to the barn the heavy winter stove and found the Fisherman coming himself and making light of its weight? Who, wishing a hickory pole set for the hauling line of his skiff, has not seen him drive it into the mud with his own weight? What maiden, eager for a portiere or window curtain of old net, has not had him for an escort to the beach where it is spread, and has not shamefacedly been compelled to permit him to carry it to her skiff?

What idler, needing hammock cord, has not drawn on his stock, hunted down by himself in the many places he might have put it? The genius of order was only partly present at his birth. She was there for what he could do for others, not for what he is to do for himself.

I like to watch his expression when he is under burden or has difficulties to conquer. It is then hard as iron and firm as granite.

So some walking delegate found it who tried to convince his fishermen that they were not well paid and well treated.

At least this is reported to be so. If it were as told to me, I should like to have been there on the dock when it happened. Not that I can ever justify the unlawful use of force. But if one is determined to use strength unlawfully, it is interesting to be on hand and see it used.

It seems that the fishermen thought themselves well cared for until this well-dressed idler in behalf of labor invaded Fish Island and declined to leave at the Fisherman's invitation. As I have said, I did not see what happened, though the vigor of the narration, given me in whispers and after dark, leaves a clear picture in my mind.

Must I tell it? One hand (O, can it be?) seized a coat collar. Another (I shrink to tell it) grasped the seat of the man's trousers. The man shot into the air, following the parabolic curve of all

projectiles, landing on all fours in the soft mud of the Cut! Knowing the Fisherman as I do, I partly believe this narration to be true.

One day a woman, uninvited, came on his dock to watch the landing of the fish. Somehow she pulled the signal cord of the engine. The heavy car of the incline struck her. The Fisherman heard her shriek and turned, knowing then for the first she was there, to see an arm torn from its socket and the woman white unto death. What fiery energy of help he gave! His arms carried her to the boat. He drove it across the Cut. He carried her to the hotel. He became responsible for board and care. He visited her daily and saw her saved.

Yet all that winter he brooded over her disfigurement, as if he were to blame, and was near insanity. All the more when the husband haled him into court for damages for which he was in no way responsible. Yet, because he had no forbidding sign on the dock, the law held him responsible, though the judge gave only twenty-five dollars damage because of the woman's contributing carelessness.

The thousand it cost the Fisherman did not trouble him. The ingratitude and the lost arm were his burden. This was the only time we were not glad to see him, but the coming of spring brought the old smile slowly back to the drawn and agonized face.

One day—and the surgeon told me this —one of his men, a reckless but faithful Irishman, slipped on all fours into a tank of boiling fish. When I saw him, after weeks of agony, I found him with a trained nurse at the Fisherman's expense, in the Fisherman's best room, and on the Fisherman's best bed.

It is such things we know that make us glad to see him in the chapel on Sunday. The years have softened the sounds of this world to him. So he sits well forward that he may miss no word. I fancy from his manner that in the old days he was a faithful scholar in the singing school. Every note has its full time, every word exact pronunciation. It is a serious and weighty matter he has on hand. He is to worship through song. He is responsible for his portion of the bass. As becomes an elderly man, he

must give it strict attention. So, strong, clear and not unmusical, his voice leads that part, his shoulders marking vigorously the cadences. The ministers who know him often ask him to pray. No one of them has a more reverent manner, worthier vocabulary, nobler rhythm, or more aspiring soul.

It is at church that he is at his best in dress and cheerfullest in manner. I will not admit that his bearing at great weddings is more so. There are some of Oldport's town-born folk of bluest blood, whose summer landlord he is, who ask him to their weddings at church and receptions at home. He goes and his wife with him. He has unconscious dignity and his wife unconscious ladyhood. He knows no dress suit nor she a train. But men of light and leading are glad to know him, and women of academic inheritance find her sincere, motherly, and well-bred.

For a generation almost he has lifted the collection in our chapel, counted it, disbursed it, and no one thinks an auditing committee necessary. Close by his unsavory mill I have caught him weeding

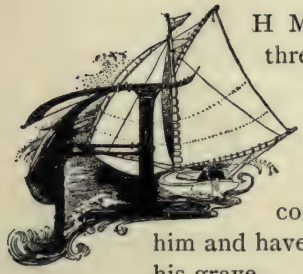
out charming mounds of flowers. He excuses himself by saying, "These are my wife's pets." As if, dear old pretender, we did not know his own delight in bloom. He sees all the flowers on your place or his. Of late he has built a greenhouse. "My wife must have something to brighten her winter."

Now that his son has graduated with honor at Yale, both in the humanities and in law, and has married a wife, and become a judge we hope our Fisherman will take life more easily. I doubt if he can. The spirit of work possesses him. Yes, he will work on until rest surprises him. How that may be he cares not. He has heard his Master say, "Leave thy nets and follow me."

THE CAPTAINS.

XIII

THE GIANT



H ME! only one of the three in the photograph is now living. I have just heard of the death of the Giant, and I wish I could have been with him and have put some flowers on his grave.

You may see him in the picture sitting on the rock and holding a drill which another captain has just struck with a sledge. The other was not a captain at all, but some neighbor stopping for a chat.

If any think it odd that captains of the sea should be drilling and blasting rocks, they do not understand the genius of New England. That consists in being ready to do anything to make an honest

living. If the season has passed for sailing a boat and fishing, the season has come for blasting rocks, laying foundations, trimming trees, grading roads. My captains could do one as well as the other, and much beside.

The Giant was surely hindered from being more than he ever became by the difficult conditions of his boyhood. His mind was as strong as his body, and, best of all, he had character of rough nobility, sturdy independence, and fast-anchored integrity. His head was large—forehead broad and high, chin square in strength. His nose must some time have had a blow on the bridge, for it was slightly flattened and was below the strength of other features, yet no proof of weakness whatever.

Physically he was a mighty man; mightier even than the Fisherman, and quietly chuckled over his strength when not angered in using it by the weakness or unwillingness of others. Nothing brought light to his eye more quickly than lifting weights which palsied other men. I fancy he would have lived longer if he had not been a prodigal in

energy. He was well on in the sixties when he slept his life away. Death wrestled hard with him for a year before he was conquered.

He had been a seaman, a soldier, and was head fisherman at the pound when I met him. I was rowing out to see the fish. He stood in the stern of a large scow sculling against the wind with one hand on a long oar, while two other men sat on the thwarts doing nothing. A mighty, quiet power was in his wrist, or white water would not have piled up under the bow.

It was as characteristic of our Giant as of our Genius that he did things without seeming to draw on his strength. There was no stress, strain, fuss, or noise, only quiet power. His voice and laugh were big as his body, and he needed no megaphone to roar an order across the bay. A slow poke or an idler alone brought out that roar. Of education he had little more than something of the "three R's," otherwise his life must have been different. But he observed closely and quickly, remembered all he said and heard, and knew fish and their ways better than

anything else. He reasoned from fish to men, as we shall see, and did it well.

The hickory poles on which the pound nets are strung are forty-five feet long and weigh one hundred pounds. He handled them as if switches. It was a fine display he gave of agile strength when he picked up one, raised it to the perpendicular, dropped the pointed end to the bottom, planted it with two or three dexterous lifts and twists and drove it six feet into the mud with his weight. Then he fastened an oar crosswise to the stake, and stepping on the oar, he waved back and forth above the water until his weight imbedded the stake beyond the power of waves to move it. Then leaping on the scow, he would seize another, and so all day extend the fence toward the deep waters of the Sound until the half mile of it was finished.

He was most himself when the nets of the pound trap had to be pursed up and the fish brought to the surface. Heavy itself, heavily water-soaked, enclosing tons of fish, and dragged down often with jellyfish and seaweed, his mighty hands lifted the meshes inch by inch

until one by one the slide rings on the poles were high enough to tie. He knew, before I could see a fish, by the color of the water, as it seemed, how many fish were there. His spirits rose and strength seemed to grow as the fish began, in full view, to race around the net, and when the net was wholly pursed and the fish splashed and circled he was as radiant as he was nimble.

While the sloop was drawing alongside he entered the enclosure in his boat and stunned the larger sharks and all sturgeons by a blow on the nose. Anything of no more than three hundred pounds weight he caught by the tail, either with his hands or a slip noose, and slung it over the net above him into the sloop's hold. Then with an immense scoop net he shoveled out the smaller fish with sure aim.

I am afraid he sometimes swore at some fish for which his aversion was intense. Naturally he hated the venomous stingray, but not more than he did the harmless lamprey eel. This last he would not touch, much less eat. Yet I remember how in my boyhood the farmers on

the Housatonic pursued them with pine torches at night, and hooked them up as most desirable spring delicacies. There was something about the lamprey's dark flesh and lack of bone which went against him.

This brings to mind one of his most noticeable peculiarities: he could stand waist deep among stale menhaden, but sickened and fainted at odors only moderately offensive to most.

One autumn, after fishing was over, he came to build a fence for me, and I became better acquainted with his odd genius. It was then, after shyness wore off, that he discoursed to me of men and fishes.

"Drat sculpins, I say. When they are not all mouth they are all spines. Most of the time they are both! They are like some women, always shooting off their mouths and sticking pins into people. And as for lampers (lampreys), I am glad they don't come round but once a year. They are long and smooth and wriggly. I am glad they come early and we soon get shet of them. They're neither fish nor eels, and they've got black meat, and where they ought to have back-

THE GIANT.

bone they've only got gristle! I calls 'em lawyers, I do! They're like some of those shysters that sneak round, smooth and soft and tonguey, and it's 'Mister, I would be pleased to be of some service to you,' and all the while he is planning to cost you money and trick you out of your property, like that fellow that put up the husband of the woman who was hurt on our dock by her own fault, after the Fisherman had spent hundreds of dollars to take care of her. I don't want no such lampers about me.

"I wonder what cunners is made for? They're always 'round when you don't want 'em, keeping decent fish away, stealing your bait. You can't scale 'em, and they don't skin any easier. They've got their teeth on their lips (a fact). They're like some folks 'round here that can't think of anything only something to eat! They're never around when there's work to be done, but always on hand when there's eatin' goin' on. Let a clam into the water and there's sure to be a cunner. Set your table and see if them gluttons don't smell it.

"I tell you I like a blackfish. He's a

gentleman, he is; always well dressed in black. When you get one he's worth something. He don't carry round no more bones than he ought to, like shad and bunkers. Look at the eye of him! No sneak about him! He's just honest! If he don't like your bait, he lets it alone and goes off and chews barnacles. If he likes it, he don't nibble and pretend to be delicate. He just takes hold and comes up on your line surprised but willin'. In the winter time he sleeps like a gentleman with his eyes shut and a veil over them. He likes cool water and cool weather. If you want to find him in summer, you must go out where the water is deep and invite him to come up. He ain't like a bluefish or succamaug (they calls 'em sea trout down South), up and down and all around in everybody else's territory, and eatin' up other fishes. He ain't no cannibal. He lets his kind alone and lives on barnacles, coot clams, and fiddlers. We had a man down here once who was a regular succamaug ; he never stayed on his own land or hunted his own birds, he just lived on other people. You could not leave a rope-yarn about but

he'd pick it up. He was so mean he would run other people's eelpots and lobster traps. He was a real succamaug, he was.

"Them flounders takes me. They're good enough to eat when they get the mud out of them. But who squshed 'em flat and put their eyes on top of their head? They are like some kind of pious people—I don't mean no offense—always with their eyes rolled up to heaven, but not missing anything on earth, I tell ye. Religion's good when it is a good kind, but I reckon a man's got something to do beside looking pious. He's just got to be pious, and that ain't in being squshed flat and looking good. It's in being a man, and lookin' straight at your face, and being what you pretend to be and nothing else.

"I ain't fond of shirks [sharks]; but, as the old woman said of the devil, he's a master hand at attending to his own business, and has got the tools to do it with."

Thus he had worked out the resemblances between men and fishes. His theory of their unity, while not Darwin's, served him a good purpose. You must

not think he stopped work to talk. His tongue was no more busy than his hammer and saw.

He was nearly sixty when he bought his little place at the head of the cove, and set out to pay for it. It was an old house and the ground was stony. After he bought it he seldom worked for others except while fishing. His strong, stern-faced but kindly wife took in washing, worked in the garden, cared for pig and cow and a hundred chickens, while the Giant was on Fish Island. On Saturdays the fishermen went home at noon privileged to carry home such edible fish as they liked. So we saw him footing it heavily by to work the day out on the place he loved. How happy the two were in having a home of their own! We would all have gladly helped them. Their sturdy, almost savage, independence made it difficult. If any succeeded, they were sure to see the Giant or his wife, before the season closed, bringing a basket of apples or a pair of chickens, and leaving them with the message, "Keep 'em, we have so many we want to be rid of 'em."

The last year he fished he worked as

hard as ever. The house would be paid for by that season's work. It was plain, though, that the Giant's strength was weakening. "I ain't good for nothin' any more. I just putter round." Yet he had still the strength of two men. But it was a panting strength, soon gone. The fall found him clear of debt, but his feet were swollen and breath scant. I found him kneeling by a chair, his head resting on his arms. In this way he could sleep a little. He rallied in the spring, but when the horn called the fishing crew he could not go. He came to see me one day, halting to rest many times by the way. The Fisherman did not forget his faithful Giant, but came to my house and ferried him to the island to dine with his old comrades.

The next autumn shut the cottages. A thousand miles away I heard he was failing rapidly. I received, on the border of the Indian Territory, a letter from the Fisherman's son saying, "The Giant is praying and seeking peace with God, and asked me to write for your prayers." Assuredly I felt that the good God would hear him as soon as me. But I prayed

for him there with tears and loving memory. I wrote him that I loved him, had prayed for him, and doubted not he would be heard of God.

As I write these words I know not if my letter reached him before his death. But I heard that God came to him in peace and saved my rough, untutored, but honest and manly friend with the great salvation he has promised to those who walk uprightly.

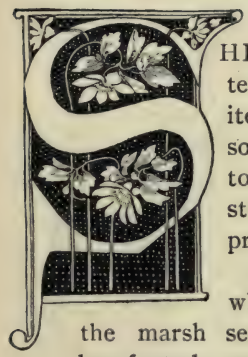
This last summer I saw his widow. She received me without tears, but with a heartbreak in her voice. "He had to go," she said, "just when we had paid out and had got ready to live. But we gave him a funeral, the boy and I." With that she brought me the funeral bill. "O, you need not look surprised. I had $120 saved from washing, and the boy had $27, and the bill is $145, and paid; and the minister had $5 for coming. We don't want something for nothing."

And if I had it in my power, I would carve on the Giant's tombstone these words of the Fisherman's son: "I never in all my life learned anything bad from the Giant."

"SUGAR."

XIV

"SUGAR"



HE was a pretty little girl of ten when I first saw Granite Bay, her features set for so young a child, with a too mature expression, but still childish and assuredly pretty.

I cannot now recall whether I first saw her on the marsh searching for fiddler crabs, barefooted, muddy, but smiling, watchful, and intent on her work ; or whether it was at the funeral of a playmate, clean, nicely dressed, but tender, sad and sobbing. Both pictures seem of one date after these years, and I fancy were nearly synchronous.

Her father's house absolutely hung over the river, with a foundation against which the swift tides washed. It was not a nice

house then, and it is not now, but better than in the old days. Her father was an old soldier with a deep bullet dent in his upper forehead. I know not whether the ball was stopped by the bone. Perhaps the evil men said of him was the outcome of a bullet groove through his head and the spoonful of brain which went out with it.

After all it is not necessary to account for the father. The shore, before it becomes a summer resort, draws queer characters. As no two bays are alike, so the fishermen of each bay are different. They can no more endure a crowded neighborhood than could the early Western pioneer. They melt away in a few years after cottages come.

I may not say fully how queer the father was. He is dead now, after two years of insanity and paresis. But, whether good or bad, responsible or not, he had a certain genius. His land, chiefly rocks and woods, but with many cultivable spots, never to my knowledge knew either plow or hoe. Yet he was never without money and never without a half dozen dogs, chiefly setters and

pointers, whose noses were never dulled by overfeeding.

That excellent woman, Phebe, to whose wisdom I owe much to this day, attributes to these dogs the disappearance of several steaks, one roast of beef, one setting of eggs, and an entire pumpkin pie. To this night she hears them at the ice-box and laments my lack of energy in not driving them away.

But as it is generally midnight when she thinks she hears them, and not being absolutely certain that any dogs are there, and being certain that if they are there now they will be gone by the time I get there; and being not entirely unaccustomed to these apprehensions, I commonly do not rise and investigate.

The father seldom worked at his trade of plasterer. For those he liked he would work, but liking many was not his gift. He was seldom without some wretched derelict of drunken humanity, who slept in the barn, dug the clams which were always for sale, and split the wood which he sometimes had.

But this same father was a master with a gun. Woodcock, quail, squirrel, and

partridge he found when others failed. He did not often hunt in company. He was essentially solitary except for wife, daughter, and the hobo who happened to be with him.

He had considerable reputation as a pugilist. I am not in the way of knowing the truth of this except that I once saw a neighbor of mine, as queer as the father, going home after an interview with him. His eye was black and his nose cut. He was also replacing one or two teeth. As the men were alone during the interview we never knew its occasion, inspiration, or duration, or in fact had that adequate information to which, as neighbors, we felt entitled.

The mother had her peculiarities also. Half blind, she stumbled around the place and did most of the work which was done, which did not appear to be great in quantity or effectiveness.

Into such surroundings fate projected a little girl so sweet to the father's eye that he named her "Sugar," and called her so to womanhood. Her first ten years were before I knew her. Of these the neighbors speak with kindness as of a

The Rushing River.

pretty tomboy who knew no reason why she could not play all the games and do all the dares of the boys. One told me that she would also swear, like the traditional pirate, on sudden provocation, but added, "She always recovered herself and clapped her hand over her mouth trying to prevent it."

But after the days of the fiddler crabs or the funeral her personality made her a chief figure at the bay. She was of the Sunday school, the prayer meeting, and the Sabbath service, neat in dress and clean to daintiness. She neither courted notice nor declined it. Her air was of knowing her worth and that there could be no question of it. Everyone passed her house on the road to the bay, and many have heard her shrill wrath over profane and indecent language. Her father in this regard walked meekly in her presence. He was not one moment safe from her rebuke, nor did others attempt it more than once.

As she entered her teens the place began to "slick up." The rubbish heaps diminished or disappeared. The dogs kept more to their kennels; the house

knew a coat of paint. There was a genuine sensation for three years when an organ, a sewing machine, and piano successively arrived. Lace curtains came to the windows, which now knew a weekly washing.

Yet Sugar did not grow into a spurious fine lady. You could see her digging clams on the bar, or loading and delivering wood, piling it if you would let her do it. As to boats, she rowed like a fisherman and sailed like a Deer Islander.

Somehow the old box wagon gave place to a top buggy, and in the neatness and glory of a healthy young womanhood she often drove her subdued but radiant father to Oldport, full mistress of a fractious horse and paternal behavior. I heard this story one day from a neighbor who knew us both. She was walking along after her jaunty fashion in Oldport's principal street, when some loafer hissed an insulting word in her ear. She had him by the arm in an instant, and after horsewhipping him, handed him over to the policeman and told him she would be on hand when she was wanted. This was very like her.

More and more those who had business at the house found it best to see her first, whether in need of clams, kindling wood, ducks, or woodcock. Yet she always said, "You can have it if father is willing;" or, "I must see mother first." It is to be suspected from what I have heard that she was her father's boy as well as his girl, and did some things not supposed to be within the range of a woman's accomplishments. Thus it is said that a strange young man, none other would have dared it, attempted to borrow without permission, and after being forbidden, one of her father's boats. I can believe what I heard, namely, that in flying hair and bare feet she leaped over the wall, threw the youth into the mud, fastened the boat again, and stopped forever such raids. It was also whispered to me that the young man put salt pork on his eye, and bound his head with a bandanna handkerchief. As I did not see this I refrain from stating it.

It is possibly six summers since we began to see a young engineer much in her company, and to rejoice that another love was coming into her life. The wed-

ding was not long delayed. By this time the mother was almost wholly blind, and the father's old wound opened, and they could not possibly have lived without Sugar. The daughter was not lost in the wife. She only took another life under her wing. But like a matron, with a strong arm between her and the world, she was now more domestic, and found time to soften and sweeten the strong and shrill voice of her singing maidenhood. She further found time to freshen and order aright the old home. She was perhaps, as fitting a matron's dignity, a trifle more commanding in the direction of the family life, and even went so far that a flower bed appeared on the rocks between the house and the river, while a box of geraniums flamed in the window, and a new and wider veranda fronted the house.

It was about this time, if memory holds, that her blind mother stumbled into the whirlpool near the dyke, where some have fallen beyond rescue. Sugar went after, headfirst, held her mother up until both were swept to a quiet eddy, and so dragged her mother back to life.

Then an autumn came on, bounteous in fish and high in wind. Sugar's husband with a friend went out in a skiff beyond the bar. Late that day the boat came ashore empty but for a single oar. How it happened only God and the angels know. Sugar, wild-eyed and tearless, and the father after her, haunted for days beach, bar, and cove. I do not know if she or another found him. I like to think that love had its reward. But when the father saw the swollen horror which drifted ashore his breaking mind went out. Ever after he was sometimes a brooding and sometimes a noisy trouble. So the blind mother and the bedlam father sat together in the kitchen, and Sugar cared for both.

I had not seen her from her wedding day until after the tragedy. She now had hard lines about her mouth, and was a trifle less careful in dress. She wore a look of defeat, but not of despair, aging her a little. She never spoke to me of her trouble. She became a very busy woman, as is fitting when there is only one pair of arms to care for three. So we saw her digging clams again, loading

and delivering wood, carting stone and earth pried out and dug by her own hands. Her father came home from the asylum only to waste a bushel of oats on a ten-foot patch, and to drivel and rage as is the way of his sort. He went quietly back when Sugar went with him. She told me of his slow decay. With the charity of love she said: "Papa was always very good, but, do you know, he has become very religious. He talks all the time about God. Wasn't it a funny thing he said to me, 'Sugar, I have worshiped God. Sugar, you've been my God!'" He was not as crazy in this as his daughter thought.

So this wild man became gentle at last. A thousand miles away I hear he is dead, and I wonder how Sugar and the blind mother get on these wintry days.

Often I have feared that poverty might breed despair, and that her burdens might rush her with a sudden plunge into the depths she has always been so near. A thousand pities if having had such strength it should at last fail.

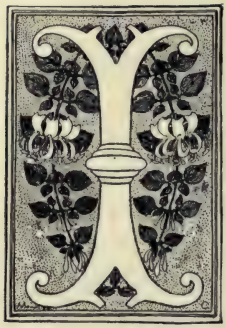
If failure comes, let charity abide. It will only prove how hard it is to rise per-

manently above environment, and how much we all owe, as to conduct, to the homes in which we live and the society in which we move.

But I will believe she will keep her feet, and show, with faults and relics of imperfect training, that the strong and good fiber is victorious.

XV

OUR GENIUS



HAVE already spoken of our Genius. Whether in his case it is the absorption of our atmosphere or an inheritance I do not know, but that he is a genius no man who knows him doubts.

One may well and easily absorb handiness by living in New England. The Connecticut Yankee has as distinct a gift for doing many things well, and doing all he does with small expenditure of strength, as the old Greeks had for art.

Many think that the Yankee loves work for work's sake. I must be permitted to hold a different opinion. His inventive genius is the outcome of his indisposition to work hard. On this account he dreams

Our Genius.

out a machine which will do the work for him while he looks on and whittles.

This particular Yankee was born in Sweden, and never saw this country until his old boyhood or young manhood. Endowment and atmosphere both have probably entered into the rich quality of his genius. We of the bay think we have never met anyone quite like him. Of middle height and now nearing middle age, his own hands, empty when he came, have wrought out a growing competency for his simple home. For twenty years past, with the exception of a brief stay among Texas sawmills, he has repressed the Viking wander spirit and remained with us at the bay.

When we first knew him, sixteen years ago, he was running the engine in the fish mill on Fish Island. He had then as now the art of never seeming busy, but of being always at work; of never looking for anything, but of always knowing where everything is. Quiet even to gentleness in manner, seldom speaking unless spoken to, his answer always begins, at least to me, with a "prevenient" smile. To this day his English, as good as anybody's,

carries with it a hint of Sweden, and is not without added piquancy on this account.

A wide forehead, strong nose, and square jaw crown a sturdy frame with broad shoulders. A vigorous mustache, really of unusual vigor, compensates for thinning hair. No day is so full as to prevent his going for his New York daily, and no one who employs him ever thinks of his losing time by his going.

I find it not a little difficult to put this man on paper. The last remark concerning his going for his paper will perhaps do for a starting point. That is it. He works when he pleases, how he pleases, and as long as he pleases, and everybody is content. No one thinks any suggestion as to time or method necessary. Nobody watches him except for the pleasure of seeing him work, and no one takes account of his time. No one who knows him questions his bills either as to time or material. Undergirding all the rest is his genius for honesty. I have paid him hundreds of dollars for all sorts of work, never without pleasure, never with thought that there had been any sloven-

liness, carelessness, or inaccuracy on his part. I have sent him, when a thousand miles away, a rough sketch and told him to work it out, and arrived to find the job of wood, brick, or stone well done and on time, and if there were any change from the original plan, it was to its betterment.

In mentioning the materials above I begin the catalogue of his accomplishments. We of Granite Bay desire no better worker in wood. He can build a house from sill to roofboard, and give us joy in the way he handles heavy timbers and puts them into place. He is so much in alliance with nature's forces that gravity works for him as his foreman. When others tug, strain, and shout he slides, rolls, and slips quietly into place. His eye is almost as accurate as his rule. I am not sure that he does not cut his stuff by visual measurement. It is a real joy to see him go up a ladder. I say "go up" advisedly instead of climb. There is no climbing about it. Pipe in mouth, a long board under one arm, two or three tools in the other hand, he walks up the rounds perfectly balanced with no

hold but his feet, and as steadily as if on a grand staircase.

It often happens that the house he erects rests on stone walls he has built, and is warmed through fireplaces and chimneys, every one of whose bricks he has laid up. If the owner would have that house finished in paneled and polished oak, the doors and windows garnished with the finest hardware, our Genius can do the panel work, polish it, and fit the hardware to a nicety.

I am not sure that his gifts have not clearest exposition when building a stone wall out of the rough and ill-faced granite hereabout. No scamp work on shifting sand or yielding clay for him. The trench goes to the rock, or if that be too deep below the frost line, it is filled to the surface with broken stone, grouted with cement. Then with bar and roller the great stone masses fall into place and stay there. He never tries a stone to see if it will fit. He sees its fitness in the heap. So the wall rises and lengthens, bound by headers and held by mortar, until, when finished, its face is fair and its solidity like the rock itself. So I

praise this man as Carlyle did his stone mason father. He does his work well, and smiles as he looks at it, saying, "I guess you will find it there to-morrow."

At the foot of our cliff is a wall built on rocks shelving toward the sea. For five years it has suffered assault and battery from great waves hurled by two hurricanes. It has been washed and leaped upon by tons of water from tides which submerged half of it. No stone has been washed out nor has a dollar been spent for repairs.

The house built, it must have its plumbing. Drain pipes must be run over the cliff and screened in crevices against offense to the eye. Our Genius departs with his planes and trowels and returns with his pipe-cutter, threader, solder, and charcoal furnace, and does all the plumbing so well that no man can fault it.

The drive of the sleet-bearing east wind compels us to paint often and heavily. Before the plumbing has begun the Genius has primed, second-coated, and trimmed the house in colors which harmonize or contrast, as you prefer.

The house complete, the furnace is to

be erected and pipes carried to those he has built in the walls. Behold our Genius laying the brick foundations, setting and cementing fire-pot, putting on the dome, surrounding all with the skin of galvanized iron, connecting the smoke-pipe, and sending the smoke up a chimney into which he has dropped neither brick nor mortar.

Now the grounds must be graded and road built and macadamized. Here our genius is in full strength. One more trip to his home and he appears with drill, tamp, scoop, hammer, and blasting powder and fuse, and the woods echo with blasts which do not need renewal or multiplication.

A home without a boat here loses half its delight. Must we go to the boat-builders of Oldport for it? Nay! Tell our Genius what is wanted. Be it skiff, dory, sharpie, catboat, knockabout, sloop, smooth or clinker built, if he has not already built during the winter, he will begin it for you now and rig it in any way you wish. But you had better take his advice as to her rig if you wish speed or carrying power.

If you are very ambitious, and demand

The Winter Rest of the Boats.

a swift naphtha launch with any form of motor, are there not such launches faster than all the others and built by him now running on our bay before your eyes?

When the house is done, and the furniture in, the natural depravity of inanimate things appears. The pump will not draw, the stove smokes, the window sashes need loosening, the sewing machine will not work. Our Genius is master of them all. The steam engine on the island is obstinate in declining to work, the hydraulic pump stops, the boiler must have a patch, a new vat must be set. Mindful of his first American home, the Genius drops everything and sets all to rights in the briefest time.

Last fall the Fisherman must have a greenhouse and conservatory. Who laid the stone foundation, raised the brick wall, laid the tile floor, set up the frame, glazed the sash, made the putty, painted the whole, put in the hot-water furnace, joined all the hot-water pipes, made all the trays, and turned over to its owner as good and pretty hothouse as need be? The Genius. He is not perfect. He can be gruff. He has learned some of the

bad words in the language of wrath, but he is an honest and truthful man. If he promises to come, he comes when he promises. He is a good, strong lesson in truthfulness and fair dealing. In these one must be as he is or he will work no more.

The Hermit.

XVI

THE HERMIT

BACK of the park, across the flat where the sea once flowed, and up a steep and rocky hill on the island in our rear, you may see what is now a neat cottage over whose porch vines clamber, and before which flowers bloom. At the foot of this hill and on both sides of the steep road ferns thrive marvelously, and he has a poor eye who cannot distinguish six or seven varieties.

To the south the hill is thickly wooded and tangled with bittersweet, sumach, blackberry, and barberry. Underneath, the wintergreen, loved of the children, shows its glossy leaves always, and in the autumn its aromatic and vermilion berries.

The ridge, beneath whose crest the cottage stands, lies between the bay and the river, so that one has them both in sight and with few steps to either.

A row of cottages now crowns this ridge, the highest view point near the bay. From this it appears landlocked and grants an outlook different from any other. Of late a little colony of Germans build to the southward over the cliffs of the river. But when I first knew the Hermit he had no neighbors to speak of or to speak to. For the last he had small desire, and not much for the first, and one might walk the whole length of the lower road, even down to the Fisherman's Point, and never see for the tangle either house or Hermit.

It was not then much of a house, and the Hermit was not much of a housekeeper. Around lay an extraordinary litter. Garden tools, clam rakes and tongs, eelpots and spears, lobster crates, and crab nets were mixed and mingled marvelously. Yet there was an artistic touch in it all, unintended wholly, but growing out of the gill nets, fyke nets, killie seines, hung from tree to tree or

spread at length on the grass. Such things carry the sea with them even when used in inland decoration. An eel spear might be the scepter of Neptune himself.

Around the house, wherever a flat place could be found, the Indians once camped and roasted their shellfish. This became soil after centuries, and, though thick with shells, is deemed the best we have in productiveness and resistance to drought.

There is certainly no home, and seldom is there anything approaching order, where no woman is. The interior of the Hermit's house was simply indescribable. It was not from the dirt, for the Hermit was too much of a gentleman to have filth about him. But I doubt if there were an unbroken plate or saucer, cup, table, chair, or bureau which was whole. Not often could anyone catch a glimpse of this interior. The Hermit was quick of ear and received his visitors outdoors.

The shell patches were well cultivated, producing more than he needed. So, rarely, but yet occasionally, he would offer what he had for sale, but more often wait for a purchaser. Like all coast folk he

was savagely independent, and, like the rest, felt he was doing a favor to anyone purchasing of him.

Commonly he was arrayed as in the picture, and was always a striking figure. A woolen skullcap with a wide visor shaded a face with strong and long New England features, the adjective "long" appertaining with emphasis to his nose. The last gave character to his whole face. It was penetrating, but not impertinent; it was prominent, but not insinuating. It drooped without heaviness at the point, suggesting economy of resource without parsimony. A striped cotton shirt partly revealed a hairy breast. Woolen trousers and high rubber wading boots, with tops rolling downward, completed a fitting costume for the lank figure.

In some unknown place he kept a town-going suit, which we never liked to see. It meant that his thirst was on and that he would not be found among us for days, and must be looked for in Oldport, a town which never did him any good, as it does not to some others.

One might have known him a hundred years and not have heard him speak of

his past or of his family. Indeed there was a dignity about him which made even the shore folk chary of asking questions. But shore folk have their own way of absorbing information, and come to clear opinion about everybody, and something was known of him and communicated to me; perhaps equally to others, but of this I know nothing.

Of the life and produce of the sea he was most knowing. His skiff was in the river and his scow in the bay. From these his innumerable implements drew his livelihood. When soft clams from the river palled hard clams from the bay satisfied. When eels did not pot his fyke gave him flounders, frostfish, hake, and striped bass in due season. When the law was off he hooked oysters from the rocks in the river. His surplus brought him the money he was never without. A few groceries met his wants, tobacco being, I fancy, a large portion of the money cost of his livelihood. He never entertained company; needed no favors, even if it had been his disposition to receive them.

The camera caught him whittling a

tholepin on the way from his scow to his cabin. Though he saw it, it is doubtful if he knew it was taking him. There might easily have been a scene. On occasion he drew on an emphatic picturesque and hot vocabulary. No effort was made to conceal the camera. It was in the early days of the snapshot. The importance of explaining to him its functions was not apparent as an imperious necessity. Yet he glanced at it long enough to give his characteristic attitude and his somewhat severe and suspicious expression.

Let me do him justice. Seeking no acquaintances, asking no attention, to a few he was genial and talkative. For a very few he would work on rare occasions at sawing wood, trimming trees, or laying stone wall.

For the last he had the hammer of Thor. Its head was of twenty pounds weight, and he handled it with pride as other men did theirs of half the weight. His more than sixty years sat lightly on him and until the end came, and to the very end he had the instincts of a gentleman.

To those who hailed him familiarly as

The Hermit's Thicket.

"Cappen Bill" he made short answer. But to those who called him Captain, sounding his surname, he touched his cap and answered fully. He was notably polite to young girls who knew how to address him, and he distinguished sharply between "gals" and young ladies according to their manner of saluting him. "I don't call them ladies. They are only gals. They don't know how to speak to an old man." For such as he liked he opened the secrets of the woods and put them on the trail of arbutus, jack-in-the-pulpit, prince's pine, and maidenhair fern. For such he gathered wintergreen berries, bringing them in grape-leaf cups, as he also did the delicious wild strawberry. It was to the houses where such lived that he went first to offer his best of sea food when in the mood to sell. I recall that once, when a wild nor'wester exposed flats rarely bare, he found some enormous soft clams, delicious when baked, and not at all common. He brought them past the entire village to offer them to the young girls who were habitually polite to him.

So reticent was he that I never knew whether he gained his title of Captain

from having commanded some sloop or schooner or from having lived long by the sea. As the shore folk do not use the title lightly, and granted it to him, it must be that he was once a commander.

He certainly had all the arts of the able seaman. He could rig and splice beautifully. His moods were such that one could have his services only infrequently. So the Mystery, written of elsewhere, of equal skill and easily accessible, if not hovering about, was the more often employed.

I do not know how many years he lived in the Cabin on the Hill, nor is the whole story of his life mine. There was a tradition of his having been soured by a disappointment in love. But this story attaches somehow to all hermits, and hence doubt. Yet it may be. But it is against it that he was no sharper of speech as to women than as to men. Some great and early shock to his faith in humankind he certainly had had. This accounted for the road to his confidence being so hard that few could reach it. Of mankind in general his opinion was poor enough. He thought the birds

and beasts better company and more trustworthy.

There are always depth and strength in such natures, as well as a touch of the Pharisee. No man shuts himself away from his kind without feeling himself, at some one point at least, better than most. There is almost always also in such a poetic vein of vast size and value—for instance, in Thoreau. This man was a Thoreau on a small scale, and with some few habits which men have told me Thoreau had not. The Hermit had keenest enjoyment in nature, from the rainbow to the dewdrop, from the sky to the sea. In fact it may be that a capacity for delight in such things unconsciously draws such natures, otherwise rough, to the seaside, and holds them there. To this must be added, as perhaps the controlling force, a more prosaic fact, namely, the ease with which life can be supported by a sea offering its market by the side of land fairly fruitful.

That the Hermit had had a good ancestry and good training appeared from occasional outcropping in speech and

conduct. He challenged men frequently to say that he ever wronged anyone but himself. This leads to my touching as delicately as I may the fact, sad always and everywhere, that he was mastered sometimes by an hereditary or invited enemy, who led him whither he would not wish to go.

In such conditions he became talkative and sought the company of men, there being no stronger proof that he was not himself. But the man remained in him. He had no maudlin excuses for himself; no tale to tell, as another had, of being driven to it by wrongs done him. He knew he was doing wrong, and said so, but fired a salvo to his conscience by saying: "Anyhow, I don't hurt nobody but myself. I just hurt myself, nobody else." This was true. We never knew him to be in any brawls.

So for years we lived near him, meeting him daily, finding him scrupulously honest and truthful. If he made a promise, he kept it. It was not easy to extract a promise; but, given, it was sacred. Even when shaken by his enemy he more than once has come to say: "You see I

ain't fit for nothin'. I'll come as soon as I am."

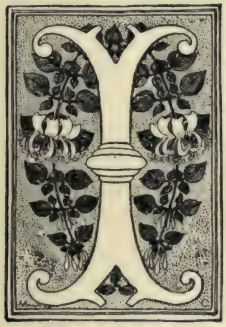
One winter pneumonia caught him alone in his cabin. Glad we are to know that some of his blood cared for him. We loved him well enough to fear that he might be ill for days and none know it until found dead.

The season was a lonely one until we became accustomed to his absence. More than one with the best the world can give mourned him with tears. Those of us who are older felt then, as we feel now, that our bay is poorer since the Hermit died. His cabin is transformed. It is clean, pretty, and shelters nice people. But I doubt if any honester soul will ever look out of its windows or a stronger nature watch the sunrise from his hill. Once or twice each season I climb there to help memory bring him back. But all is so changed that memory finds it hard to adjust the place to him or him to the place. More fully can I bring him back in the path he wore through the thicket to his boat and on the rock where he mended his net. Thicket and rock you may see in the

picture of the Hermit. Alas that such things seem to outlast the men who have made them worth a thought! But slighter things than rocks and groves outlast men. There is immense pathos to my mind in the photograph, the shadow picture, of a dead man. The shadow of the Hermit has outlasted him by ten years.

XVII

THE MYSTERY



T WAS not some hidden crime nor some skulking malefactor, but a neighbor.

The thoughtful know that each man is a mystery to himself and that others are to him. Few, very few, characters are so transparent that he who runs, and can therefore have no more than a glance, can read.

I knew the Mystery well; perhaps as well as anyone not of his family; keeping close to him, of purpose, for ten years, always learning something, meeting surprises; often discouraged, declaring I would have no more to do with him; constantly taking him up again; drawn by his cleverness in things useful; attracted by the complexity of his make-

up—and at last coming to love him after a fashion despite many reasons for dislike if not detestation. It may be that curiosity or a small touch of scientific inquiry were more operative than aught else through these years in holding me to him. I will not contradict any who think so.

I know of no one of my neighbors who was safe from his criticisms. A stronger word might find justification. Certainly he spared not me nor mine. All the evil he spoke of others was, I doubt not, as much the product of his diseased imagination as that he said of me and mine. If one believed him, there were no good people in the neighborhood. Kindnesses shown him, rescue from painful conditions, put no lock on his tongue. Yet he would be unjust who should say he could not be grateful, as he also who should say he could not be kind. I cannot, therefore, praise him for invariable and strenuous veracity as to others, nor could much that he said about himself be received without salt.

On hearing him talk, his air of truthfulness, his multiplicity of detail, his accurate and flowing supply of vocables,

gave him an appearance and persuasion of truth fit to deceive any. Nor is it to be doubted that he was sometimes precise, even exact, in statement. Of this all men had proof. Yet he exhaled an atmosphere of incredulity among those who knew him, and only those who did not know him would accept much that he said and nothing whatever as to the character and conduct of his neighbors.

Did I therefore think him hopelessly and of purpose mendacious? No; others thought him so, but I dared not. The mystery is in the why of this.

No handier man except the Genius lived among us. He was chiefly a house painter, and none deny that he was a rapid and excellent workman. He could paint faster than any painter who did not talk, and talk faster than anyone who did not paint. Brush and tongue wagged on together. It is affirmed that when alone he talked to himself. There was on him and in him a necessity of speech. He was a night and day factory of statements. If alone, there was a slower market for his product. With others he thought there would be a ready one. So he talked until

rebuked, and after that still talked on, taking up what he fancied would be a more attractive subject, and always with a bearing of equality with any.

He was really, for his position, a man of more than ordinary intelligence. Never so penniless as to be without a daily paper, he remembered all the news and the substance and personnel of the advertisements. He had read many books, and would often surprise us by his correct use of the names and drift of American authors.

He had seen countless plays and could hit off the characteristics of the chief actors of the last quarter of a century. It will appear later that he had some sort of a religious vein, not very large nor well defined, nor of close ethical connections, nor rarely dominant, but it was there.

He must at some time have been in the army, for he belonged to a veterans' association and drew a pension, indicating total disability. Possibly his genius for romance was effective in securing this last. All the ten years we knew him he was able-bodied, except when temporarily

weakened of his own choice. Yet he claimed to have frequent hemorrhages and heart trouble. No one can say he did not. The medical examiners who passed him for a pension ought to know. But he neither lived nor worked as if he had either.

He claimed to have sailed around the world both in whaling and merchant vessels, and to have visited all the great ports. It may be, but who can know? To do him justice let me say that when I brought some whaling harpoons and lances from Nantucket he named them correctly and was most intensely interested.

In climbing he had the steadiest hands and head and almost prehensile feet. He walked the whole length of the ridge-board of a large house, paint pot in one hand and brushes in the other. He climbed trees like a cat, and went to heights and trusted himself on limbs where we dare not look at him.

He was the best of help in rigging and sailing a boat. It was this gift which first made me acquainted with him. The halyards of a sharpie had parted and run out of the masthead block. The mast was

too slender to climb or bear the weight of a man. So he brought the boat to the foot of our cliff, and climbed where I thought no foot could hold. With one hand on the fence he stretched out toward the mast, caught it, sprang it in, threw the bight of a rope round it, and handed me the slack. After reeving the block he said, "Let go the slack." He was standing between me and the mast and I could not see that the halyards were still in his hands. The spring of the mast jerked him off the cliff. I turned away faint. I thought him hurled into the water or on the rocks thirty feet below. I tremblingly looked over. There he was, standing on the forward deck of the sharpie looking up and smiling. He had held to the rope and slid down to the deck. Whether this was accidental or a performance gotten up for my benefit I do not know. He said it was a close call, but the grin on his face led me to think it might be a dare-devil display of his agility. Who could doubt after this that he had been a sailor? He had all the sailor's accomplishments from making an end splice to splicing the main brace. He boxed the

compass glibly, was truly weatherwise, and his walk was of the sea.

But I never heard him name the masters he sailed with nor the ships he sailed in, though he claimed to have shipped once as a first mate. It is safest to conclude only that he had been to sea. All the rest may have been the work of that form of imagination which leads some men to claim that any experience of yours is far less remarkable than any one of theirs. I have known others beside the Mystery who had this gift.

He was as fearless as skillful in handling a boat, and was often taken as pilot by those less skillful than himself. Sometimes, as the picture shows, Granite Bay has, when the south wind blows, a surf like the ocean. It was hard to keep the Mystery at work then. If he could borrow a sailboat, he would alone delightedly butt into the seas with only a handkerchief of a sail, or if he could find only a rowboat, he would ride the combers in that. We thought him born to be drowned, but he died in his bed.

Calm seas found him willing to work, and he was a marvel for work about a

house. He loved all plant life; surrounded his poor home with flowers. He could be trusted implicitly to bed plants as no man can who does not love them. If there was no painting to do at painter's wages, he would do laborer's work for laborer's wages. If one needed help at a picnic—oysters roasted, clams steamed, table set, dishes washed—or if one needed a cook for a day, he was as skillful as he was ready.

In fact it was suspected that this kind of work was particularly pleasing to him, as he then had opportunity to exercise his gifts of narration to new acquaintances. These on such occasions and all others he ardently sought.

It is to be admitted, as with some other great men, that he preferred monologue to dialogue provided he was the monologist. Never troubled with bashfulness or shy from conscious incompetence for any theme, he would, when aid to a picnic, pick up all the names in a moment, at once begin talking, attend faithfully to what he was paid for doing, and really get more enjoyment out of the affair than anyone else. His was a dou-

ble, yea, a treble delight. He had picnic company, picnic food, and picnic pay.

In some mysterious way he could provide on short notice the material for a shore dinner, from the succulent clam from the river to the stew of eels from the Cut. His facility in this respect was connected, in some uncharitable minds, with a predilection for nocturnal activities, and a too intimate knowledge of the habits, methods, and haunts of some of the fishermen. In slower minds it may be that his successes could only in this way be accounted for. Facility is a mark of genius, and so I leave the consideration of the Mystery's gift as a providence.

It would be difficult to prove that he was a good husband and a wise father, but he certainly loved his family, unless all the accepted proofs of love must in his case go for naught. No father could walk more proudly with his pretty children or kiss more ecstatically his dumpling of a baby. That his love was real I must believe from this, that the children delighted to be with him.

As I have said he often, if he was to be believed, had "hemorrhages." At least

this was the most frequent excuse he sent up to me when he failed to come to work. But as these were usually preceded by visits to Oldport I must fear that the word was a euphemism sometimes for that form of prostration which follows experimenting with "spiritus frumenti." Yet may not charity hold that he thought to save his self-respect and some measure of the regard of his neighbors by a fiction? A man has to be low down who frankly admits in good, plain English that he was drunk. Yet here is the mystery of the sophistication of conscience that one should think himself less tainted by a lie than by drink.

It was after these "hemorrhages" that he would think himself dying and send for me to pray with him. I never failed to go. Not that I could feel that his moral fiber was strong enough to make either penitence or prayer long helpful. But certainly he mourned his infirmity with tears, and, though claiming to be sick when sending for me, did not conceal the real cause after I reached him.

But the boy would say, "Father has had a hemorrhage and wants you to come

and pray with him." Perhaps the father wanted the boy to think well of him as long as he could.

One day there came a crash in his home affairs. He returned from work to find wife and children gone. Few blamed her for going, if many blamed her for the occasion of her going. Never have I been more puzzled over a man. He had left his family many times alone for months in the winter. Nor do I know that of his earnings he sent the wife so much as a cent. But no true-hearted and faithful husband could be more agonized over the wreck of a home, or more appalled at an immeasurable calamity. He was as humiliated as if he had given no occasion, and as indignant as if he had always been blameless. It was pitiful—pitiful to see him and hear him—the more as one could not wholly sympathize with him.

Yet the following months were no worse than before. The blow seemed to stagger him first and then sober him. He worked hard, saved some money, sold his house, proposed to get another home elsewhere, and went away from the bay; so that for two years we lost sight of him.

It was in the spring, I think, that he came to tell me he had a home again; that his wife was with him; that both had pledged themselves to lead Christian lives; that they had knelt together at the altar of the church. He was clean, well dressed, and happy, and for once talked an hour without speaking evil of anyone. I am not ashamed to say I had hopes of him, though few had, and most smiled when they heard his tale. But God is good and allows no man to die without, at some time, a clear sight of himself. The Mystery had had such a revelation from above. This undergirded my hope. I saw little of him that summer, but when I did he said, "We are still holding on."

The winter came, and when in the far South I heard he was dead; that once more he had failed, and that pneumonia following exposure had taken him off.

I was sorry then and am sorry still. There was little to love in him. His faults were many, his virtues few. Most felt glad, and rightly, when he moved from our bay as adding to its comfort and removing a care. I cannot claim more of charity than others. Possibly I missed

him as a subject of study ; possibly I had something of the "empty armness" which those have who drop a long-time burden; possibly something of a Christian's sorrow that prayer and patience seemed to end in flat failure.

Somehow I still remember him kindly. There was an abounding cheerfulness; an amazing nimbleness of mind and body; a readiness to do a kindness; an undying love for his children; an occasional sorrow for wrongdoing. These were mingled with baser clay. What was his early environment? What his ancestry? What strange and wayward cells from long-dead men were in him ever contending with better matter from a better source? I do not know and now never shall. I cannot explain him nor wholly account for my liking him. For years he was a mysterious fact, as is my sadness in seeing him no more.

I recall, as possibly my last sight of him, that on an evening of wonderful sunset, when the ruddy and gilded heavens were reflected in the expanse of the bay, he came to the edge of our cliff and stood there, turning alternately from the east-

ward glory of the sea to the westward glory of the sky. As the light faded he went silently away.

May not God's mercy find some place for one who could be stilled by such a sight, and in whom "the elements were so strangely mingled"? He came into the world not by his own choice and went out of it by his own fault. Is it not well that there is One, and he a Father, who knows all?

XVIII

THE SILENT MAN

HERE the house stands I will not say, lest those who wish it in summer may fear to take it. But I know the house forever, and was in it when what I relate of the Silent Man and his family happened—events which did not then end in death, but something worse.

It was late in November. Indian summer was past. The chestnut burrs lay empty on the ground. The last robin had gone. The reds of the maples had dulled into brown. Only a few leaves hung lifelessly from the twigs. A freeze had left the oak leaves crisp and rattling in the wind. Here and there in sunny places the purple asters were still in bloom, but the spires of golden-rod and plumes of clematis were now simply fluffy

and wind-driven down. Cottage owners were making their final visits before winter, putting under cover everything which could be damaged.

The Genius had gotten the yachts and launches ashore on the last perigee tide and was housing them. The Mystery was oystering in the river, there being now no call for his brush. The Fisherman had discharged his crew and sent away his last schooner load of oil. The Long Captain had taken in his lobster pots and was thinking that his fyke had better come in also. The chill of coming snow was in the air. There was ice on the verandas and ice in the gutters. It was high time to have things in order, and that was why I was there.

I do not know when the Silent Man came to the bay. Certainly before I did, for his house was then built and his family there. I had to make his acquaintance, for not otherwise would he have spoken to me. If anyone learned where he came from and how he happened to have money enough to build that house and another one, it was not from him nor from his equally reticent wife. There

was a rumor that the money was hers, but none claimed to know, not even the Long Captain, who, as all men know, has facilities and gifts for acquiring knowledge. There were two pretty children, a boy and a girl, neatly dressed and bespeaking a careful mother.

The man was worse than silent. He was gruff. Few persisted in trying to know him. The shore folk are suspicious of the uncommunicative. They know what they are doing, and to them it is a violation of decency if a newcomer does not promptly tell where he came from, how he got his money, how much he had before he built his house, and how much he has now. The Silent Man said nothing on these points, and was straightway unpopular for this as for his general surliness. I always speak guardedly of what I do not see. Hence I state as a rumor, and not as a fact, that it was the Silent Man who had that painful interview with Sugar's father, and that it was he who passed me after dark nursing a black eye and resetting some teeth. While I admit that the substance or the occasion of that interview will now never be fully known,

I fancy that a part of it was the voicing of local resentment toward a man who could move himself and his belongings to the shore and give out no reasons, cultivate no acquaintances, nor tell where he got his money. While I cannot approve the nature of the protest, it was quite within probability that it should occur.

It was only a short time after he came that he was voted to be lazy as well as silent. Some of his critics have that reputation, but feel it to be highly unjust. All men need long periods of rest to enable them to meet the greater strains and stress of life. Some shore folk generously understand this and fear that they have not rested enough to meet possible strain, and so keep on resting. I doubt if they ever heard this couplet, but it is the quintessence of their philosophy:

> "He who worketh always, working without rest,
> Never thinks his greatest, never does his best."

Now, when one has rested long enough to think his best but not to do his best, what must one do but keep on resting? If, by three months' waiting on summer visitors, the shore folk can earn enough to scrimp through the other nine months,

why should they work? If they have not enough for the whole winter, are there not ducks to be shot and clams to be dug? May not oysters be had for the pulling?

Moreover, it is very fatiguing to wait on summer people. They expect to find what they need early or late, and actually hammer at the grocery door at eight in the morning. No wonder shore people are disturbed by such behavior! Hence I hold that our people were right in calling the Silent Man lazy, since he worked no harder in summer than in winter. He went on his own way, and at his own speed, and was never without money summer or winter.

The Silent Man was short and thickset, his wife long and lean. She wore a subdued air, as if a battle had been fought and she had not won. A ghost of a smile had been seen a few times on her face. The two together could gloom any company in five minutes. No one heard of any trouble between them. Both were capable of keeping it to themselves if there had been any.

The Silent Man soon caught the fever

of summer business and built a large house, with a ball room up stairs and a place for various games below. I am certain, as I look back, that I never heard of any dancing there nor saw any one playing games there. I have seen the Silent Man playing by himself, mute, solemn, but content. In the autumn he closed this house and moved back to his cottage.

Returning from the post office in the fall before mentioned, I saw the Silent Man, hatless and coatless, gesticulating violently from his veranda in some regular but unmeaning fashion. He excitedly asked as I passed, "Do you know the meaning of this sign?" I answered that I knew some signs, having been in a college secret society and in my youth known some other brotherhoods. "Then what does this mean?" He was touching his thumb with the fingers of the same hand successively. "I do not understand it." "Why in thunder don't you understand it? Everybody round here understands it, and I'll make you understand it, you dumb head, you."

The Silent Man had gone mad. His

wife was cowering at the window, the children sobbing behind her. It was no time to run, even if that had been safest. So I fell in with his humor, went toward him, said I might understand the sign if we could talk it over in the house. For the wife's sake I took this risk. Asking him to go up stairs and get his coat, I said to the wife, "Do you know what is the matter with your husband?" "Why, no. Is anything particular the matter? He's been acting queer lately, but he's always had queer spells." "Why, madam, he is insane and dangerous. You must have protection." With that she beckoned me across the room and pointed out three bullet holes in the door. "He did that this morning," she said; "but he's been firing his pistol around lately, and I did not think much of it."

By this time he had come down with his wife's bonnet and shawl on, and said he was going to town. We persuaded him to take off his things and wait for dinner. I did not wish to stay and I did not dare to go. Just then the Mystery went by, and I called him in to watch while I telephoned for the First Select-

man and the Town Physician. The Mystery was no coward and came promptly in, and began his ceaseless talk and beguiled the maniac into something like quiet.

The doctor's verdict was that he must go promptly to the asylum as a very dangerous lunatic, but the selectman must act first.

Waiting for him, we began the most agonizing watch I ever expect to stand. While one kept his eye on the Silent Man, now reversed as to his habit and talking incessantly, or beguiled him into another room, I secreted his pistol, his clasp knife, and shotgun. He hourly grew more violent toward his wife, who sat motionless in the corner, dazed with fear, and keeping the children behind her.

What a task it was to persuade her to go to the Mystery's house! She had lived so much alone that it seemed easier for her to face her crazy husband than to knock at a strange door. But the Mystery offered to go with her, and we had less to face when she was gone. We three stood watch in there all day long without food, until it seemed that our bedlamite must be asleep and one could

go and get food for all. I ate in a moment in my house near by and hastened back with food for the others. The door opened; this was what I saw: the wife had come back with her children and had gone up stairs. There her husband had stripped her, dressed her in his own clothes, while he put on her hat and shawl. There they sat at the dining table, he in a roaring frenzy holding a nauseous mess to her mouth and shouting, "Drink, drink, or I'll kill you!" The Fisherman was holding him from behind, the blood from the maniac's blows running down the Fisherman's face, but holding him so tightly that he could only yell and swear. I opened the door toward the Mystery's house. The woman and the children screaming ran for their lives.

Whereupon the crazy man quieted down and ate up the Fisherman's supper. While he was at this the windows and doors were locked up stairs except the door of one room. The Long Captain coming in, we three forced our charge up stairs and locked him in.

For a few moments all was quiet, and

we thought it safe to let the Fisherman and the Long Captain go for help during the night. Though they went out on tip-toe, the Silent Man heard them and in an instant broke the lock of his door. I could neither run nor wrestle with him on the stairs. It was a quick thought to snatch the horsewhip and be ready for him at the foot of the stairs. He saw I was there and hurled down a tempest of boots, firewood, chairs, and bureau drawers, and began to come down himself. I know I must have been afraid, at least I think I was; but not too afraid, as he had nothing in his hands, to pretend I was not and thrash the stairs with the whip and shout, "I'll whip you within an inch of your life if you come down." He halted. That was my time. Thrashing the air, I went up two steps. He went whimpering back to his room. By this time the Fisherman returned, and we barricaded the staircase with the furniture thrown down until the lunatic's strength could not force a passage.

So we waited and watched, feeling our prisoner secure.

It was early evening and full moon, all

the more brilliant for the sprinkle of snow which had fallen, when we heard a crash, a sound of feet on the roof, and then a thud on the ground. It was only a second to the south door. We caught sight of the madman racing naked through the woods toward the Mystery's house, the Mystery after him. He outstripped pursuit, though chased by the Fisherman, the Long Captain, and myself.

He burst in the door, and in that moment shocked away forever the last gleam of sense from his wife's dazed brain. Never again was there a sign of intelligence or interest in anything. He had escaped by breaking the window, walking over an icy roof, sliding down a veranda post. When his wife saw him there was an awful scream, and then mental death.

We were near enough to prevent harm. Strapping him and roping him, we led him back to his house. The outburst had quieted him. The watch ended with the morning. Early the selectman and constable came with a hack and bore him away from our bay forever to the company of the crazed.

He is still living, a weak and muttering

wreck. The wife is dead; the property gone in the education of the children.

At the final break-up there was, as is often the case in New England, a vendue, or auction sale. Nothing he had could bring cheerful memories. But I bought his pretty set of chisels in a neat box for the children's sake. And as I fashion with these brilliant blades a toy or boat for my grandchildren that dreadful night and day come back. Nay, such an experience needs no reminder.

THE DOORKEEPER.

XIX

THE DOORKEEPER.

SHE was sitting, when I first saw her, in the doorway of the little abandoned chapel in the park, whose bell now summons us from the steeple of the chapel on the beach.

The chapel where she sat was built when few came to the bay, and when the park was a wilderness of rocks and thorns. The clerical school-teacher who built it had a good eye. The chapel sits loftily on a ledge and must be reached by rough stone steps. You may see her in one picture sitting in the porch with the cross above her, her nurse in the deep shadow of the doorway.

Born, almost, with rheumatism, she could walk but little, and to climb into a carriage was beyond her. Sometimes she could be lifted on her cushioned chair

into a business wagon. There were always arms eager for this task. But it was far easier for her to travel in a cushioned wheelbarrow, as she did the day the children escorted her on a visit to Phebe.

She was a maiden lady of past fifty, from one of the best Eastport families, and still so fair of face that we wondered she had lived alone until we knew her story. From youth her joints had stiffened. Sudden movement was agonizing. Choosing her own way and time, she could walk a little, and her crippled but beautiful hands were always busy with some kindly work.

No one could be better company for old and young, being always cheerful and sometimes gay. Her laughter made others laugh. It was so merry one joined in it without knowing why. Expressions chased each other over mobile features, answering your word before her nimble but always kindly tongue. The children and young people said she was "great." The old and the burdened loved to talk with her of the deep things of God. Neat to daintiness always, she sometimes dressed in quiet elegance.

She would not let the great world pass her by. She was a great reader of papers and books, reading from her lap more often than permitting them to be read to her. The head Fisherman, who owned the chapel, said to me: "I don't care whether she pays rent or not. It is pay enough to see her there on the porch." His busy wife, the busiest woman I ever knew, always had time to cross the wire bridge to see if the Doorkeeper lacked anything. But it was hard to give her anything. She wished to pay her own way, and to avoid all kinds of dependence.

She knew the trees about her as if human friends, and recognized their voices as the wind whispered or roared. No hepatica, anemone, Solomon's seal, or columbine could bloom where she did not see it, nor a bud swell without her notice. The delicious light green tips of the growing hemlock branches, the brown of the autumn oaks, the new and bearded pine tufts, the autumnal yellows and reds of the Virginia creeper and rock maples raised her to ecstasy. I have heard her praise God aloud for the beauty

of the rainbow and of the white manes on the inrushing breakers.

Her seat on the porch gave her a wide outlook over the sea. And she knew every skiff and catboat. She mothered all the young folk who passed on their way to bathe or fish.

What she could do for herself no one was permitted to do for her. The full strength and strongest hands of others often did less. She ought to have been fidgety, cross, and morose. She suffered so much we would have forgiven her if she had been. But she was not. She never lost sight of the love and beauty in the world. She came to the chapel before the spring snows were melted, almost with the first bluebird. She lingered until ice drove the ducks from the harbor.

Her young heart nourished its youth on the sounds and sights of the sea and the woods. The squirrels were intimates. The phœbe bird and the wren built their nests over her head. The robins and song sparrows came to her feet for crumbs. She was no friend to that handsome rascal, the blackbird, who steals the eggs of other birds. I have seen Bunny, the

The Wire Bridge.

brown rabbit, run from her visitors, but play near her fearlessly when alone.

The fishermen from the island brought their best to her, and she thanked them in such sort that they wanted to come again.

Her mind rested on the blessings she had, not at all on those denied her. In the ten years we knew her she never once lamented the absence of anything from her life. In fact she never seemed to lack anything. Her life was affluent in pleasure. Outwardly of the simplest, she had means enough to live nicely, not without diminishing her capital. This did not trouble her; she only said, "God will call me before it is all gone." And He did.

That was a great day, the day of the children and the wheelbarrow. How bright it was with her wit and laughter! She took command; marshaled the forces. A small boy with a colonial flintlock gun six feet long was the advance guard. Then followed two by two others with Korean jingals and Chinese spears. The girls came on with a Chinese chime of bells, shengs, and trumpets, and twang-

ing a Japanese samisan. The older girls, who helped her down the stone steps, staggered with laughter as she poked fun at her infirmities. Throned at last on a wheelbarrow easy with pillows and gay with Indian blankets, she cried, "Forward, march!" when shaded by an enormous Japanese umbrella.

The amazing din drew in other small boys. Men working on the road pounded their shovels, some following after with their wheelbarrows. So with thirty in escort she was wheeled up the hill to visit Phebe, and in the only vehicle she could endure. "And all this," she said, "to help on a crippled old woman." There was no man, woman, or boy who would not have been there to honor her if they had known it.

Not all of us were able to give the reason for the pleasure we felt in being near her. The Fisherman spoke for us all in saying, "If she should lose her last penny, she shall never lack anything." The young girls talked over their love matters with her as if she were the mother. She was as happy in their happiness and as pleased in seeing lovers walking together

as if she had the joy herself. "I can tell a girl who knows she is loved. There is a queenliness—a conquest in her walk," she said. Certain it is that our fairest maidens were often on her porch, nominally reading to her, but more often talking with smiles and blushes about "him." When I observed this I better understood why so many wanted to go and see the Doorkeeper. The Doorkeeper knew so much and never told.

She was not only of the stuff of which saints are made, but already unconsciously a saint. She was learned in the help and hope of the Christian faith. God was no nearer to the prophets than to her. She told me that when wakeful with pain God was nearer in the night than in the day. "God," she said, "cuts off his universe in the daytime by a curtain of light." She asserted that God could be more easily seen in the country than in the city. "Man intrudes himself in the city, God reveals himself in open spaces and among the trees." So she fearlessly watched all nature's tremendous forces at work : the lightning, the gale, and the sea, confident in her Father.

She had thought, not learnedly, but deeply and truly, on the question of suffering. "My Lord suffered more in a moment than I in a lifetime. So great a nature must have been lonely." Eternal life was certain and full to her. "My soul is not crippled, only my body. I am penned in my chair, but my soul goes everywhere. My tongue is poorer than my thought. When I am released I shall be free for the first time. So I must fit my spirit for the coming life. If I can be loving and patient here, I shall have something to take with me there."

It was rarely she would open her heart like this, and never to one who followed not her Lord. To all others she was just a cheerful, patient lady, interested in everything and everybody. She knew a struggling soul by intuition, and to such talked freely.

I did not at the time understand all she meant when she said, "God may have more discipline for me." Later on we knew that a cruel and mortal disease had come. But then we were talking of the coming of the spring after the winter had gone. She said quietly, "I shall not

THE CHILDREN AT THE DOORKEEPER'S.

be here when the spring comes. I am going to the Fisherman's house for the winter. I want to die here. But I want to stay in the chapel until the cold drives me out." All this as cheerfully as if planning to go to Oldport for the winter.

Never would she say "Good-bye" to anyone. When Phebe and she parted with tears, as both knew for the last time, it was only "Good-day, dear, until we meet again."

A month later I came back to the bay for a few hours. She was at the Fisherman's, and lay near a window where she could see the chapel and the sea. Pallid, wasted, helpless, a great soul looked from her eyes. She was beyond speech. But her countenance was of the mount with God.

She was gone in the spring. The winter's snows had not melted when the eternal spring came to her.

Since then the chapel has had no tenant. The Fisherman does not care to rent it. To him, to us all, it is sacred to her who often said, "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

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Goodsell, Daniel Ayres, Bp.,
Nature and character at Granite Bay.

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